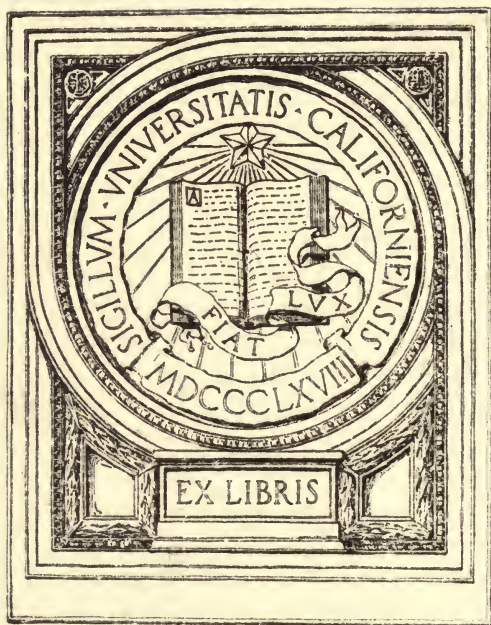


**FROM THE
ATLANTIC**
To the **PACIFIC**

BY AN OLD SOLDIER



By AARON LEE
PORT ORCHARD
WASHINGTON



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THE AUTHOR.

Samuel Lee

FROM THE ATLANTIC *to the* PACIFIC

REMINISCENCES OF PIONEER LIFE AND
TRAVELS ACROSS THE CONTINENT, FROM
NEW ENGLAND TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN,
BY AN OLD SOLDIER. :: ALSO A GRAPHIC
ACCOUNT OF HIS ARMY EXPERIENCES IN
THE CIVIL WAR. :: :: :: ::

By

AARON LEE

Member of First Minnesota Infantry.



Metropolitan Press, Printers, Seattle

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By

AARON LEE

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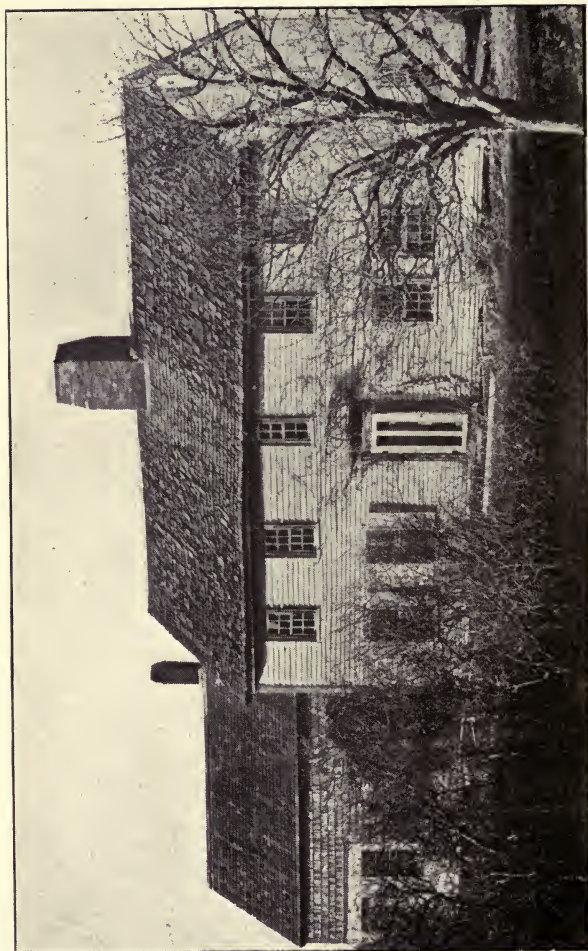
PREFACE

In prefacing the succeeding pages we prefer to write only a few lines, referring the reader to the first chapter for a more definite introduction. We write from experience, and in that light we will attempt to give our experience. Starting from the earlier years of boyhood, from our New England home on the sea coast near where the Puritans landed, and where the first battles of the Revolutionary War were fought and liberty was achieved and this nation became a free and independent people. While yet a young man we leave behind us the home of our childhood, with all its pleasant surroundings, saying good-bye to loving friends and the pleasant attractions of early life. Bidding adieu to the rock-bound coast of New England, the historic battlefields of Bunker Hill and Lexington, Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty," with all their varied associations with the early history of our country. These we leave all behind and shape our course westward towards the Pacific Ocean, for we ever had a strong desire to see the rolling waves of the two oceans. When this was accomplished we

were prompted to write "From the Atlantic to the Pacific, by an Old Soldier," where we have attempted to picture to the minds of our readers the varied observations and experiences of an active and eventful life, on our long journey from ocean to ocean, giving an account of our many adventures and experiences of Pioneer life in the West; also an extended delineation of the experiences of our army life as a member of the First Minnesota Infantry. Hoping that these pages may be perused with interest and profit, especially by the young people in whose interest we were prompted to write the following pages, and that they may induce you to have a tendency toward a—

"Laughing heart and smiling face each day,
And scatter sunshine all along the way."

THE AUTHOR.



THE AUTHOR'S BIRTHPLACE.

CHAPTER I.

Early Life in New England.

Situated upon an elevated plateau surrounded by the picturesque scenery of the hills and valleys that added much to the beautiful views that were ever a source of attraction to the eye of the beholder, stood the old house where I was born. It was a large two-story dwelling, erected soon after the landing of the Pilgrims, and near the beautiful little town of Wenham, Massachusetts. It was the joyous retreat of several generations of our family, it being the birthplace of my father and one of my sons. Here I first saw the light of day on Oct. 8th, 1832. This place was ever held in high esteem on account of its elevated position affording such a grand and beautiful view of all its surroundings. The frame of both house and barn were made of very heavy timbers, and the nails used in their construction were hammered into shape by the blacksmith, as were all the nails used for building purposes at this early date in our history. This old-fashioned house was built after the old Colonial style. It contained four large rooms, aside from halls, pantry and closets. In each of these rooms was a large brick fireplace, and by the side of each of these was a large brick oven in which the larger part of the family cooking was done. These were generally heated on Saturday, when a good supply

of the good things to eat were placed in the oven, aside from the bread, meat, pies and cake; the Puritan Sunday dinner was never overlooked. Their favorite dish, brown bread and baked beans, and Indian suet pudding rarely failed to be on the table for Sunday dinner.

Though several generations have passed away, the ancient custom still prevails almost to an universal extent among the people in the vicinity of where the Pilgrims landed.

We cannot forget the pleasant associations connected with the old kitchen, with its glowing fire upon the hearth, sending out the brilliant light and heat to the joyous family circle. How we listened with eager ears and earnest attention to the wonderful stories of Pioneer life, about the wild animals and Indians, as related to us by grandmother as she rocked to and fro in front of the fireplace, snapping of the stitches from the knitting needles, mingled with the glowing sparks amid the merry hum of the tea kettle and the joyous shouts of childhood as we watched the sparks as they ascended the great chimney, or popped the corn and cracked the nuts, and the jokes that were ever prevalent around the old fireside. This was truly joyous, happy childhood. It brings a thrill of sadness when we consider that all the living witnesses to those happy seasons have passed away, only I alone am left to tell the tale. Father, mother, grandmother, sister and brother have passed away and gone to their reward.

My parents were James and Betsy Lee, my mother being a native of England, while father being a native of this country, was of English descent. It was here on the rock-bound coast of New England, overlooking the broad Atlantic with its picturesque scenery, we spent our boyhood days as a farmer boy, attending to the frequent arduous duties of the farm during the summer months, and attending the common school during the winter, securing an education.

We well remember seeing the fields of grain being cut down with the hand sickle, and the advent of the grain cradle when it appeared in use in our vicinity. When the mowing machine came it was a wonder to the whole farming community, and the farmers who assembled to witness its operation, decided it an undesirable way of mowing their hay fields by a majority of those present when making its first trial in our vicinity.

When we look back to the agricultural implements of our forefathers and compare them to the ones in use at the present time we hardly credit we are living in the same age. It verifies to us the one undeniable fact that this is an age of rapid progress and the unexpected is what is constantly taking place.

My paternal grandfather was of English birth, coming from England early in life. At the age of nine years he commenced the life of a sailor, filling the position as cook and cabin boy on a trading vessel bound for the West Indies Islands. He fol-

lowed the seas for thirty years, visiting a large number of the foreign ports of the world, and became a skillful navigator of the seas, and took an active part in guarding the coast during the Revolutionary War.

In the war of 1812 he was one of the number to fit out a vessel that engaged in the privateer business, and captured several of the enemy's ships and cargos, which were divided among the crew of privateers. They were finally captured and sent to Canada as prisoners of war. After one of these captures he sent home what at that time was considered the essentials in housekeeping—one hog-head each of sugar, molasses and rum. After being imprisoned for nineteen months he was released at the close of the war. While there, in drinking from a spring, he took some insects in his stomach, from which he died after two years' suffering defying the skill of all physicians. A post mortem examination revealed the fact that they were in a separate sac within the stomach, that was greatly enlarged, from which he died.

Wenham Our Native Town.

Incidents often occur to me that transpired in my boyhood days. I believe the happenings of our early days when our associations are of a sunny nature have a tendency to remain on memory's tablet for a long time after their occurrence. We were always proud of our native town, Wenham. And whenever the boys of adjoining towns attempt-

ed to convince us that their town was a little the best, we would repeat to them the following lines:

Marblehead is a Rock Bed,
Salem is a Shaggy,
Beverly is a Bean Town,
But Wenham is a Dandy.

This acted as a clincher and usually ended in a hearty laugh.

Strangers often spoke of its beautiful streets and cozy dwellings, its nice shade trees and its grassy lawn upon the square. The little pond near the Vestry where the frogs used to hold such grand musical concerts during the summer months and the girls and boys enjoyed it as a skating rink in the winter season. The frogs were so persistent in holding their concerts that they would not postpone them on account of a meeting being held in the Vestry. So on that account the Vestry was removed to a new location where the music of the frogs did not disturb the services.

I often think of my Native Town
As the Beauty place of much renown,
And ponder why I should ever roam
And get so far from my Native Home.

Jack and the Bear.

There lived in our school district and attended school a colored youth by the name of Jack. He was an apt scholar—jolly, kind, good natured, generous, exceedingly witty and full of fun and a general favorite among the scholars. He frequently

had occasion to go to the village about a mile away. The tavern was kept by an old gentleman who went by the name of Squire Thorn who, while on a visit to Vermont brought home with him a little cub bear that was as playful as a puppy and quite an attraction, especially to young America. He grew very fast and was soon a large bear. He had to be kept chained, for he would sometimes show his wild nature, although the old squire would handle him as he would a dog. He used to lay him on his back and drag him by the hind legs. The bear seemed to greatly enjoy this treatment as it rubbed his back on the ground. Jack had noticed this. So, one time when at the village he thought he would show his generosity by imitating the Esquire and give the bear a friendly rub. The bear was chained in the back yard with a stout chain about twenty feet in length, near the farther end of the yard, lying stretched out sound asleep. Jack made a grab for his legs. Bruin seemed greatly surprised when he saw it was not his master, and all the savage nature of the most ferocious beast of the forest returned to him. He made a bound for Jack, whose nimble figure was out of reach though the race across the yard was an exciting one. Jack just missed a blow from the bear's paw that buried itself in the earth just as he got out of his reach. Jack laughed heartily and when asked what his thoughts were when the bear was after him, "I thought," said he, "that the legs must save the body or the body must perish." Jack soon went

to live at an adjoining city. Several years after he made a visit to his friends where he used to live, bringing with him a nice white young lady whom he introduced as his wife.

Sunday In New England.

The Pilgrims left their native land not only for the purpose of finding a home, but to find a place where they could worship God in accordance with their own views and not be dictated to or interfered with by any creed or denomination. Their views in regard to the Christian Sabbath were very strict in regard to its observance. To "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy," was in accordance with their belief.

My parents were both members of the Congregational Church, and when Sunday came all unnecessary labor was suspended and the people generally were interested in attending public worship. Preparation was made on the preceding day. The great brick oven was heated and filled with the good things that were to furnish the table with a bountiful supply for the next few days, thus doing away with all cooking on Sunday. Memory takes me back to these pleasant associations when the horse was hitched to the wagon and father, mother, sister and brother joined in a pleasant ride to church. We were a joyous, happy lot as we smelled the fragrant flowers along our pathway and listened to the sweet songsters as they poured forth their notes of joy from the fruit trees on either

side. We soon cross the little stream that was always a source of attraction and pass by the long row of beautiful larch trees and soon come to the village and arrive at the old church. The people are flocking together, some on foot, some in wagons and carriages. The wonderful "one-hoss shay" was there also. A little box about 10x12 inches with glass door in front, hanging by the side of the door, was always a source of attraction, as it contained the names of those in the township who intended to marry after two weeks' publishing in this box, the notice reading about like this:

"Notice is hereby given that James Brown and Martha Day of Wenham intend Marriage.

Wenham, June 10th, 1842.—
Stephen Dodge, Town Clerk."

The pulpit was a high structure in back end of the great church. The pews were nearly square, about 7x9 feet, with seats around the inside, inclosed all around, also door that buttoned on the outside. Each family had their own pew. I was only a little boy but was pleased when the long sermon ended, for I really did not like to be confined in so small a place and was anxious for the nice ride home. On our way items of interest were discussed, frequently about those who were published to get married. Marriage in those days was a real blessing and not a blessing in disguise. They seemed to understand their worth to each other. This reminds me of three preachers who, during a meet-

ing came to our house for dinner. Their topic was their experience in marrying couples and the fees they received. One stated that the largest fee he ever received for marrying a couple was ten dollars. Another said he had never received over three dollars. The other said he generally got from one to two dollars. He told of a couple who came to get married. After the ceremony the groom asked him how much he charged. He told him he might pay him what he thought his wife was worth to him. He handed him a quarter and they all went on their way rejoicing.

This was years ago, before the first railroad was built through that part of the country, and the old four-horse stage coach was an important factor. How eagerly it was looked for, expecting to meet some loving friend or receive the long-looked-for letter through the mail. When the horn tooted all was hum and bustle. The horses generally came in on the full run and drew up in front of the old tavern where the foaming horses were exchanged for a fresh team. While this was being done the travelers who wished, always had an opportunity to visit the bar that was ever kept in full blast and well supplied with the various kinds of liquors of those times, new and West Indies rum predominating. Upon the advent of the first railroad the old stage coach ceased to travel its usual route and the old tavern was a back number. The little old matrimonial publishing box was laid aside and all that was necessary was for the lady to decide in



"STOP-SHORT JOHNNY."

the affirmative and the parties could immediately get married without any further preliminaries. Surely time brings changes.

Stop-Short Johnny and the Groundhog.

The incidents and associations of early life often come to our memory when we think of the occurrences of the past. Things that occurred when a small school boy often carried with them a certain degree of merriment that tends to have them more firmly fixed in our memory. I remember well when father came home with a new horse. He was of a light chestnut color, fat and sleek, and a nice animal. Previous to this time he had been used for a while to run a spice mill and had been broken to brace right back in the harness in order to stop the mill. Whenever he received the word the mill would stop suddenly. That acquired habit he used to perfection ever after. On one occasion when father was going to the timber and we were going to school Johnny was hitched before the sled, as there was quite a body of snow on the ground and his route being over the same road to the schoolhouse. We found it quite a treat to get a nice ride to school. In passing several houses we found the children out ready for a ride to school, so we soon had a jolly load of boys and girls, augmented by another lot a short distance before we reached the schoolhouse. There being no box on the sled, they crowded on, some sitting, some standing, holding on to the stakes. "Stopshort Johnny" was

going at a lively gait as we approached the school-house. Father looked around smiling with a merry twinkle in his eye and says, "Don't any of you jump off; I will stop for you to get off." Just then he gave sharply the word "whoa." It was so suddenly obeyed that there was a lively heap of girls and boys, dinner pails and books, mingled with peals of laughter from the struggling mass in the snow on each side of the sled. It was one of father's jokes, though he seemed surprised that they got off so quickly. He enjoyed it and laughed heartily with the rest. Another incident occurred in which Johnny, a groundhog and I were the principal actors. Johnny was a nice riding nag and I frequently rode him short distances. Being out on one of these trips, when returning I came through the field and pasture, following a track not very much used, and crossing a small stream at a ford about two rods wide, the water being about a foot in depth at the deepest part, running over a fine gravel bottom. As we approached the stream I saw a nice groundhog some ten or twelve rods from his hole where he lived on the opposite side of the stream and could easily capture him if I got there first. So Johnny started on the full run. When we got to the stream he wanted to drink, so he put in one of his "stop shorts" and I went over his head, alighting in the water like a frog. The groundhog got safely into his home, Johnny got a good drink and I got a cold bath.

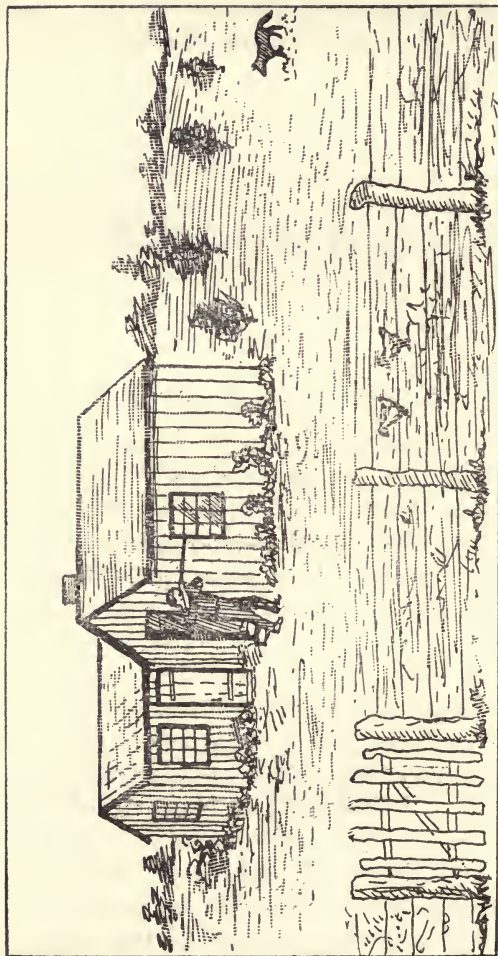
The Beautiful Flowers.

The lovely flowers, how grand they are to view,
Like friendship's tie that is ever tried and true,
They scatter lovely sunshine all along the way,
And all gloomy sorrows turn to a brighter day.
We view the forests, rivers, mountains, lakes and seas,
But their beauty and fragrance vie with all of these.
God's grateful love and blessings around us pour.
Then why not be true and try to love Him more?

CHAPTER II.

Pioneer Life In the West.

After attaining the age of manhood, during the winter of 1854, we heard a lecture that was given by Josiah Quincy, Jr., of Boston. His subject was the Great West. We were deeply impressed with the statements he then gave of the West and we fully decided in our own mind that we would see some of the famous country that he so nicely pictured to us, and we concluded to comply with the advice that was afterward given by Horace Greely, "Go West, young man." Accordingly, in the spring of 1855, my cousin and myself concluded we would leave the crowded State of Massachusetts and start for a more sparsely settled country, where land was good and cheap and make us a home. We purchased tickets to Chicago and then found that Dunleith, Ill., was the terminus of the railroad going west. Learning there was no stage going in our direction, we started out, traveling the most of the way



PIONEER HOME IN MINNESOTA.

on foot, until we reached Mower county, Minnesota, where we filed on a quarter section of Uncle Sam's land that was then subject to preemption. At this time the land was untaken all around us, but soon the settlers began to come in and select land for their homes. At this time the Indians, deer, wild ducks and prairie chickens were plentiful. Wild pigeons also nested in the timber and traversed the country in enormous flocks, nearly excluding the light of the sun. It afforded us much pleasure in hunting the wild game that was so plentiful along the beautiful little stream that coursed its way through the timber some three miles distant, and across one corner of the land that I had selected for my farm.

In traveling out one day I met two men. One was armed with a gun and axe, the other carried a two-gallon jug and spade. He said they had just arrived, having driven through from Michigan, driving five horses and one yoke of oxen attached to two wagons heavily loaded with household effects and his wife and six children. He was a real Englishman, said he was looking for a place to make a 'ome and wished to know where there was a chance to get some "hoats" for the "'orses." He also wanted to know if there was any show for his children to attend school. Minnesota was then a territory and little provision was made for schools. I told him if only a few such families as his came in we would soon have enough children for a school. "Yes," said he, "the children would

be here, but where could we find a teacher?" I jokingly told him, if no one else would teach them I would. "On that condition," said he, "I will build my house on the quarter section next to yours." He did so and soon other families moved in and we called a meeting for the purpose of building a schoolhouse and locating a site for the same. I donated one acre on one corner of my land for the site and held my first office as clerk of school board. A nice log schoolhouse soon went up, furnished ready for school. One day soon after the genial Englishman came around, telling me that the wish of the settlers was that I should fulfill my promise I had made to him in regard to teaching their school. I could not readily refuse, although it came rather unexpected to me to be a teacher in the schoolroom. And I can look back with a feeling of pride when I learned that a goodly number of my scholars had crowned their lives with success and some had grown to be really prominent in civil life. We had previously married and established in our little log cabin a pleasant and happy home. Our labors were sometimes arduous in the opening and clearing of a new farm and getting it into a state of cultivation. But the trivial burdens of life are a pleasure, when our uppermost thought is that we are working for the upbuilding of a home and in the interest of those we love.

A Lonely Ride.

It was in early winter while my dear wife was

away on a few days' visit to her father's home that I had an occasion to go to the county seat, 28 miles away. I started in the morning on horse-back, expecting to return before dark, and arrived there about mid-day. Being delayed in getting my business transacted I did not get started back until nearly sundown. Some of my friends there advised me to stop all night and not think of going back over the lonely prairie after dark. I had left stock that would need attention and I had arranged to be back that night and started homeward. Darkness overtook us when on the edge of the settlement some six or seven miles from the town.



CHASED BY WOLVES.

From this point for the next fifteen miles there was no settlement or building of any kind. The route lay across the smooth level prairie, burned over. It being traveled but a very little it was difficult to discern the slight track after darkness had surrounded us. I had great confidence in the favorite mare that I rode, for I had frequently rode her across many miles of trackless prairie and she would always follow the same track homeward. So

I always after dark let her do the guiding. After riding about five miles from the last settlement there was a nice little stream that was skirted with quite a growth of timber. After crossing this stream my animal seemed to be uneasy and act frightened. I looked at my right and saw that some large animal was following us. Thinking it might be a dog I gave a loud shout, but it did not scare a bit. I then realized the fact that we were followed by large timber wolves and without any weapon to defend ourselves I felt alarmed, and wished I had my old shooter. The next ten miles distance was covered in a wonderfully short time, with the wolves generally in the rear; when slackening our pace they would be on the side that blew the scent from us to them. A bright light was burning at the first house we reached and as that shone out into our faces the wolves gave one vigorous howl and took their departure. Wolves were quite prevalent in that vicinity at that time, especially the kind known as the prairie wolves. It was my good fortune to capture nine of them during one winter. The state paid ten dollars bounty on them for a while on account of their being so destructive to sheep and other young stock.

The Pioneer Preacher.

Attending the church meetings was what the early settlers took much pleasure in doing. It was really an attractive sight to see a large load of persons, mostly ladies, seated on the bottom of the long

wagon box that was set upon the large wagon, hauled by a stout pair of oxen. Their good nature and jovial conversation made it largely imitate an old-fashioned sewing society that prevailed in the eastern states. A primitive log cabin that was used as a tavern was used as a place for the early settlers to hold their meetings on Sunday. The preacher was on time and ready to hold services. The landlord said now the preacher had come they must have some meat, so he took down his rifle and started out to get some game, returning before the meeting was over with a nice fat deer. The preacher was an eloquent, earnest worker on the farm as well as on the rostrum.

If the room or the weather was warm, off would come his coat, which showed it had seen hard service, and would soon have to be replaced, for he, like many of his hearers, was in straightened circumstances financially. When spoken to in regard to his pay for his services he answered, "Get me a coat and I will preach for you all summer." The next meeting the preacher had a new coat. This was one of the good pioneer preachers who did not concern himself so much about his salary as he did for the saving of souls and the welfare of the people.

Settling Up the Country—Pioneer Life.

A great change came over that country after the settlers came flocking in. At the time we first saw it, it was an unbroken forest or an uncultivated

prairie. Now has sprung up nice villages and towns. Thrifty farmers till the soil, nice dwellings, groves and fields and beautiful homes are established all over what was then an uninhabited region.

We have a warm place in our heart for Minnesota, for it was here that we first commenced a pioneer life and an independent one, while that state was still a territory. It was here that we first built our log cabin and established a home. Here we helped rear the first schoolhouse and our first church in our midst. We gave a helping hand in their erection, and we can look back with pleasure when we review the pleasant associations that were ever transpiring when we were engaged in opening and settling up a new country, when the elk, the deer and the Indians were numbered among our frequent attractions. While here there was organized a military company known as the Home Guards, mustered in by Captain Asa Way. We took much pride in drilling and learning the manual of arms, little dreaming we were only just laying the foundation of our military education that we afterward found to be useful to us, when we shouldered the musket and entered the service as a real soldier for Uncle Sam.

CHAPTER III.

At the National Encampment.

It was our pleasure to attend the National Encampment at St. Paul in the year 1895, and we wrote for our home paper the following account of what we saw while there:

"Mr. Editor: Believing it might be of interest to your readers to hear something more in regard to what we saw on our trip to the soldiers' encampment at St. Paul, we propose to give a slight description of a few of the most important attractions that came to our notice. We could but notice the growth and improvement of the two great cities, St. Paul and Minneapolis, during the past thirty-one years. They then appeared as villages, while today the former numbers over 170,000, and the latter more than 200,000 inhabitants. The thrift and activity of its inhabitants may be attributed to the fact that they so largely engage in the manufacture of the essentials to support life and comfort to mankind, the manufacture and sale of flour and lumber being the leading industries of these large cities. Taking the electric car at St. Paul, our destination being Central Station, Minneapolis, twelve miles distant, we traverse nearly the same route we once did while in the employ of Uncle Sam, but how changed! It was then ornamented with the wild grasses and flowers of the prairies in a state of nature, now a continuous street, decorated with pleasant and happy homes in a thrifty growing city. The division between the Twin Cities is now marked by a more sparsely settled street for a short distance. Near this point on the left could be seen the tented city, Camp Mason, where some 12,000 of the old soldiers once more took a taste of army life by sleeping on the ground, meeting their old comrades, reviewing army scenes, relating incidents of the past, and enjoying camp life, though many of the old soldiers largely preferred the school houses of St. Paul that had their furniture removed and were supplied with mattresses for their use.

"We could but notice the large number of saloons in full blast in these two cities, seeming to outnumber even the grocery stores. These saloons seemed to make an extra effort in decorating for this occasion, having an abundance of flags, banners, pictures and mottoes to make them attractive.

MINNEHAHA FALLS.

"We next visited the Minnehaha Falls. This is an attractive point and a fine summer resort. A fine stream of water falling in a thin sheet some thirty feet into a deep basin below makes a very beautiful appearance.

"The Old Soldiers Home is located not far from this place near the banks of the Mississippi River, composed of a fine lot of substantial brick buildings that are an honor to the State in providing so beautiful a home for the old soldiers who are in need of it.

FLOURING MILLS OF MINNEAPOLIS.

"We next visited the flouring mill of the Consolidated Milling Co., and were kindly welcomed and shown through the large mills. This company has five of these mills, each mill has ninety sets of rollers and turns out daily 2700 barrels of flour to each mill. After the wheat is steamed it goes through no less than seven or eight sets of these rollers before it is finished. Every half hour samples of the three grades of flour made here is mixed with water and placed upon a piece of glass and baked in an oven heated by electricity, and in this state any defect in it can be readily discovered. The lower floor is a busy place, being on a level with the cars that stand at the door and are being loaded. They were on that day filling an order for England, the flour being put in jute sacks holding 280 pounds each.

"We afterwards visited the Pillsbury mill. This is a monster mill doing an immense business, making an average of 9000 barrels of flour daily—claiming to make more flour than any other two mills on the globe. Its greatest day's work was 10,783 barrels. It has eighteen run of large burrs and 400 rollers—the whole machinery being driven by water power except when ice makes the water scarce, then steam power is used. The river running through the city has a fall of eighty-five feet, furnishing one of the greatest water powers on earth.

"Several saw mills do a large business. They use the band saw that is fifty feet in length and runs with great

velocity, requiring but a few seconds to go through the largest log. By means of carriers, run by power, the logs rapidly follow each other from the river up to the saw where they are squared, the slabs passing to the shingle and lath saws, while the log goes to the gang saw that contains forty saws and is quickly converted into lumber. This mill cuts 300,000 feet daily aside from making between sixty and seventy thousand lath and shingles.

FORT SNELLING.

"Taking the street railway car at St. Paul for Fort Snelling, six miles distance, we travel through the outskirts of the city and through the rural districts, passing many beautiful homes until we reach the terminus of the route, by the side of the river opposite the Fort. There was nothing about here that seemed any more conspicuous than the gorgeously arranged saloon, made attractive by the great display of flags, banners, pictures, mottoes, bottles and glasses, with the busy bartender who seemed anxious to make sales to a thirsty crowd. We presume any old soldier could get a drink here if he was properly identified.

"We now cross the father of waters upon a substantial bridge 180 feet above the bed of the stream the banks being very high and steep, and soon land inside Fort Snelling. This place is somewhat romantic to the old soldier, for here was where we were first initiated and took our first lessons in the manual of arms as a soldier. It was here we became accustomed to the soldier's fare of hard tack and coffee, and made the exchange from the feather bed to the soft side of a pine board to sleep on. It was here so many fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and sweethearts met and bid each other their last good bye, many of them never to meet again on earth. Memory of these scenes, as they flash before us, seemed to be a reopening of a leaf in the history of the past. The old parade ground had lost its familiar appearance. The old buildings were gone and replaced by some half a dozen fine stone buildings, only the two forts remained. These were built in 1820 and were still well preserved. These are some thirty feet in diameter, hexagon shape, two stories in height, provided with loop holes suitable for artillery below and for musketry above. These are situated upon the verge of the plateau or parade ground where the river circles around more than a hundred feet below. The banks

against the river are surmounted by a heavy stone wall some three feet in height. Adjoining at different points stand two twelve pound brass rifled cannon, sedately waiting, ready to speak when directed.

"We notice the absence of the old prison house in which was incarcerated the famous Indian chief, Little Crow, with one of his companions. When we gazed into the prison, he gave us one look of about three seconds, that seemed to be enough as he would not turn his eyes toward us any more. We noticed he served the rest about the same way, he did not like to gaze on soldiers. There were many comments made by the soldiers for these culprits were engaged in the cruel Indian war upon the settlers wherein a large number of early settlers in the vicinity of New Ulm, Minn., were ruthlessly murdered and a large amount of property burned and destroyed. Many of the captured Indians were hanged and why Little Crow did not receive the same fate, remains a mystery, as he acknowledged having taken the scalps of more than a score of the whites. They were kept in prison for a long time with a ball and chain attached to the ankle. When they were taken out for exercise they were in charge of the guards. Sometimes the lot would fall to those who had lost their friends in the cruel raid by these fiends. In one case the soldier was the only one of a large family that had escaped their tomahawks. Of course there was a large supply of Indian hatred among the guards and they used every effort to induce Little Crow to start out on a run considering it a reasonable excuse to shoot him, and without doubt he would have got a bullet immediately if he had attempted it, but he was too cunning to do so. He was afterward released from his imprisonment when he returned to his tribe and became their chief.

"Near by we notice a little village in which dwells the officers and their families and all the others connected with the Fort. There are 500 soldiers quartered here, while the other connections swell the number to 2,500 altogether."

Moved to Iowa.

After a sojourn of about 20 years in the State of Minnesota we moved to the State of Iowa, Union County, where we engaged in farming, fruit raising

and bee keeping. At this time we can look back with pleasant reflections as we review in memory the many pleasant associations that yet cling to us as we seemingly take a glimpse of the faces and forms of our associates with whom we were acquainted in those years that we so pleasantly passed during our sojourn in this grand and noble State.

Iowa has many attractions for the agriculturist and the stockman, and the kind and friendly welcome with which the stranger is received adds to the charms of life a reality of more value than silver or gold.

Mormons at Mt. Pisgah.

Union County has the record of being the home of the Mormons after they left their old home at Nauvoo, Illinois. Having incurred the enmity of the citizens, their leader was captured and killed in 1846, after which the whole colony took up their abode in Union County, Iowa, where they settled upon a beautiful tract of land near the banks of Grand River. This elevated plain having a very conspicuous view of the surrounding country, was named Mt. Pisgah. The country at the time was inhabited by wild animals and Indians that were destined to roam, rarely molested by the onward march of civilization. About this time Uncle Billy Locke moved into and made settlement in the county, he being the first white settler to take up his abode in Union County. It was with much suffering that the Mormons endured the hardships of a pio-

neer life and during their short stay here a large number of their colony died before they took up their present location at Salt Lake. A beautiful monument has been erected to the memories of those who died at Mt. Pisgah. This is erected upon a prominent eminence having an unobstructed view from the surrounding country, and will ever cherish and keep in remembrance those who gave their lives to their cause while in Union County.

CHAPTER IV.

Attending the C. E. Convention at Boston.

While living on our farm in Union County, Iowa, in the summer of 1895, we were chosen as a delegate to attend the Christian Endeavor Convention held at Boston. Accordingly on the morning of the fifth of July we started on our journey. We made a short stop at Ottumwa to visit friends and had a short and interesting visit and a friendly romp with the little grandchildren, after which we started on the midnight train and arrived in Chicago at 7 o'clock the next morning. There were in our company quite a number of Endeavorers who were waiting to take the train for Boston, constituting a jolly, happy company. Upon our arrival at the Union Depot, Chicago, we learned that we would have to wait eight hours before our train was ready to take us on our journey toward Boston. During this interval we availed ourselves of the opportunity of visiting some of the attractions of the city. We found that Chicago had made a wonderful change since we first saw it forty years before. It was then a mere hamlet in comparison to what it is today. The height, symmetry and beauty of some of its buildings are truly wonderful to gaze upon.

Taking the trolley car we visited Lincoln Park, six miles away, our journey being made the entire distance through the densely populated city, thus

affording an opportunity of seeing much of city life and noting the thrifty and industrious, mingled with the shiftless and vagrants that make up the population of a great city. Upon arriving at the park the first visit was made to a large stone building. Here were gathered a large collection of the curiosities of the world, varying in size from the great mastodon, 13 feet in height, found in Washington when that State was a territory, the elephant, lions, tigers, bears, and specimens of nearly all the wild animals found in the known world, varying in size from the elephant down to the little white mouse. Among the feathered tribe were found myriads of specimens, from the great ostrich to the little humming bird, also every species of the insect tribe with thousands of other curiosities that were carefully arranged for the inspection of the visitors that were ever finding something of interest in the museum. We next visited the cages of the living wild animals. Here we found a large variety, elephants, lions, tigers, leopards, white, black and cinnamon bears, deer, elk, buffalo that once roamed wild over our prairies. There were also many attractive little ones, the young of the above classes of animals, aside from many others of the smaller variety of animals. Next we came to the beautiful flowers. Here were four acres arranged in plats and were now in full bloom. They were nodding their heads and sending out their fragrance from the crimson, the blue, the white, the yellow, the pink, all the variegated colors

seemed to vie with each other in making the best appearance in filling their mission in life. Fountains were constantly playing among the flowers and cages of the animals that cooled the air and formed a delightful scene.

A beautiful monument is erected here to the memory of General Grant. He is on horseback, the horse standing upon a granite base. It is a lifelike and imposing picture that the old soldiers like to look upon. General Logan's monument of bronze is a nice representation of the General. As the old soldiers gather around these monuments they like to discuss the actions and merits of these old warriors. The old soldiers may never expect an imposing monument. Their monument is a monument of fame engraved upon the hearts of the American people.

We left Chicago on the afternoon train, running on the Grand Trunk railway, toward Boston. We passed through the great city of Chicago. As we neared the outskirts of the city the grand structures that were seen on every hand gradually grew more scattering until we reached the rural districts with the broad prairies dotted here and there with the rural mansions of the agricultural classes.

At this place, as we were slowly passing an unimproved tract of land, a gentleman called the attention of those about him, saying there was a grand chance for a speculation, informing us that this land could be purchased for \$250 per acre,

and any one wishing to speculate on real estate would do well to invest.

We soon left the smooth prairie country of Illinois with its fine farms and splendid improvements dotted with the beautiful artificial groves and comfortable buildings, bearing the marks of thrift and industry on every hand.

Soon we enter the State of Michigan. Here we find a more undulating surface dotted with its natural groves, pearly streams and silvery lakes changing the scene from the really attractive to the beautiful. At this point about 125 miles from Chicago, the evergreen trees that stand pre-eminent among the ornamental trees of the earth begin to make their appearance, interspersed among the natural groves of this locality. We proceed on, passing farm houses, lakes, rivers, groves, and plains toward the northern boundary of the state.

Under the St. Croix River.

We are about to enter one of the wonders of the works of man. The brakeman enters the car and closes every ventilator and window. The train here makes a peculiar noise somewhat resembling a bullet slowly rolling down the barrel of a musket. We are now traveling directly under the St. Croix River, passing through a huge iron tube 19 feet ten inches in diameter and over a mile in length. We enter this tunnel in the State of Michigan and emerge at the other end in the Province of Canada. Contrary to our expectations we find smooth level

country devoid of timber, covered with a light coat of wild grass and occasionally streams and ponds on some of which fine little boats were sailing and their occupants appeared to be having a pleasant time. The country through here was rather sparsely settled. As we traveled farther north natural groves and clumps of timber began to appear and before we reached Toronto several large bodies of heavy timber were lying along our route. We noticed some of the settlers through these parts had a taste for the ornamental and had transferred some of those elegant evergreen trees from the forest to their own door yards, giving them a neat, tasty and beautiful appearance. We noted the farming operations were on rather a small scale. Occasionally a small field of corn, but generally small grain, peas, and root crops seemed to take the lead. Cattle and hogs were scarce when we compare them as seen in our travel through Iowa. As we approached nearer the city of Toronto the country seems more thickly settled and the houses present a more stately appearance.

Upon our arrival in the small hours of the night we are informed that it is Sunday and the law forbids the running of trains on that day in Canada. In this respect their morality is far ahead of the ever-grasping disposition of the people of the United States. They do not have so many laws but what they have they see that they are rigidly enforced. The railroad, street car and hackmen operators are all given a rest on this day and the

busy toilers eagerly accepted the privilege of attending divine worship at some of the many churches in this beautiful city. This city has the name of being the neatest city on the continent. We have no reason to dispute this assertion, for it seemed the neatest and most quiet city we have ever visited. The hotels and restaurants were the only places we saw opened for business on this day. Toronto has a population of 200,000. The most noted building in this place is the Parliament Building, located on a slight eminence in the heart of the city. It is a very large, fine building built of granite.

Some of the streets are peculiarly situated, they branch off in angles from this building similar to the spokes in the hub of a wheel. Near the end of this building earthworks are thrown up. Behind these works are two cannon that were taken at Sebastapol and presented by Queen Victoria to the City of Toronto. These cannon are so arranged that they have range of the entire streets leading to the building on the side where they are located, making a great advantage in repelling an enemy.

We noticed one of the main streets leading through the city was unlike any other street we had even seen. There were three rows of ornamental trees of the different varieties of shade trees planted directly in the middle of the street, extending from one end to the other. These trees had the appearance of having been planted 25 or 30 years and furnished an abundant shade. Two nice walks were

laid beneath these trees, also several seats were placed at intervals between the walks so the weary traveler could rest. There was plenty of space for vehicles to pass on either side of these trees, for the street was without sidewalks, the pedestrians using the center walks. There is a small island out in the lake about a mile from shore. This is fitted up as a summer resort, having a large hotel, opera house, skating rink and several other places for the entertainment of those who wished to take a short trip on the steamer and get away from city life and enjoy the fresh breezes from the lake. We found the people of this city very courteous and obliging and the Endeavorers, numbering over eighty, who were on this excursion, expressed themselves in generous terms for the grand reception and kind treatment they received from the good people of Toronto.

Early the next morning we were on our way toward Boston. When daylight appeared we found we were gliding along near the St. Lawrence river, passing vast domains of an almost treeless country, with the exception of occasional groves of timber that were scattered in groups along the stream. Among this timber was a mixture of other varieties but the beautiful evergreens lifting their lofty heads and swaying branches shadowing the limpid water of the great river, as the morning sunshine spread its tinted rays over the whole scene produced a pleasing picture. The imagination can only partially reveal its grandeur.

The Thousand Islands.

We soon come to the Thousand Islands, where many miles along the river seems to be a mixture of land and water. Some of these islands contain large tracts of land upon which are erected splendid mansions and large hotels. These are used as summer resorts for those who wish to spend their vacation during the summer months in sailing, fishing and hunting, taking advantage of the various means of recreation. These islands are of various sizes and shapes and are largely covered with evergreen trees. Some are but a few feet across and like mere dots in the river, while the swift current indicates it has a firm foundation of solid rock. Measuring from one of these small islands it indicates the depth to be at or near one hundred feet. The route by the side of this river and lake is very picturesque. The irregular banks of the river and lake on one side while on the other the homes of the settlers intermingled with nature and art seemingly vieing with each other in their attempt to produce unlimited attraction. The fine houses and the attractive landscapes, the broad prairie with its fine groves, the rippling waves as they dash upon the shore, the great steamers as they move along like living things, the great ships as they are passing to and fro in mid lake, the pleasure craft as they glide along bearing their happy burdens of joyous humanity. Little groups of children as they wander along the beach gathering the shells or rolling in

the sands, sending forth their joyous shouts, doing their part toward enlivening the occasion. Near the head of the lake steamers make their trips to the falls of Niagara.

Niagara Falls.

These falls have a world-wide reputation as one of the greatest wonders of the world. The Niagara river, on which they are located, is one of the most renowned rivers on the American continent. It is 36 miles in length and forms a portion of the boundary line between the United States and Canada. It is through this river the water of the great lakes empties itself into the Atlantic ocean, forming as it were, the connecting link between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. The great Falls are located 22 miles from Lake Erie and 14 miles from Lake Ontario, being merely a link in the chain that conducts the waters of Lake Superior to the Atlantic ocean. This lake is the largest body of fresh water in the world, being 335 miles in length, 160 miles in width and about 1,000 feet in depth. These large bodies of water are augmented from the surplus waters of the other great lakes, Huron, Michigan and St. Clair, and several rivers that empty their contents toward the Niagara and effect a drainage of a large portion of the country that surrounds them, thus forming a volume of water that seems comparatively irresistible. The scenery along the banks of this river is really romantic. The pine and cedar furnish a large portion of the trees that fringe the outline of

the deep gulch in solid rock through which the mighty waters make the grand rush toward their destination. Add to this the mighty roar of the great cataract with its turbulent waters rushing onward amid the waves, ripples, foam and mist producing a scene that the beholder may view in no other light than that of awe and grandeur. One viewing the river above the falls meets many grand scenes of the beautiful. The nice residences and large hotels and the numerous islands often obscurely enshrouded among the beautiful evergreens that sway their lofty heads and swaying branches are attributes to the enchanted scene.

Above the Falls the river is dotted over with numerous islands of various sizes. The most conspicuous among these is Goat Island, it being the largest of the group. It has an area of 60 acres and is situated above the Falls and forms a division of the rapid current as it is making its final leap over the great cataract. This division of the stream produces the American and the Canadian Falls. The beholder views with wonder and consternation this volume of water more than one-half mile in width and 20 feet in thickness falling a distance of 165 feet. The earth trembles for a long distance around and the terrible roar is deafening. Spray and mist is continually arising from the concussion of the waters below. The sun shining upon these produces the most magnificent display of the rainbow in all its variegated colors, producing a scene of beauty and amazement. The river above the Falls is of an

average depth of some 20 feet. While the rapid current below the Falls has a varied depth of from 75 to 200 feet, hemmed in by nature's handiwork, a solid wall varying in height from 100 to 200 feet.

On the Canada side of this river is the famous battle ground of one of the bloodiest battles of the war of 1812, known as Lundy's Lane, in which General Scott, commanding 1,000 men, gained the victory. The river takes a comparatively straight course until it reaches the great whirlpool, located three miles below the Falls. Here it courses onward in almost a direct right angle from its previous course, forming the renowned whirlpool, drawing everything toward its vortex. Logs or other floating bodies often continue their circuitous route for months before they find their exit, at right angles from their entrance. This great basin is sided with the strong cliffs 300 feet in height while the continual wearing away of the rock for many centuries has formed a basin estimated to be 400 feet deep. The famous suspension bridge of the Michigan Central Railroad crosses the river two miles below the Falls. This bridge is built over a narrow place in the river, it being 500 feet in length and 240 feet above the water. From here the passengers on the trains can get an excellent view of the Falls. Continuing by the side of the lake and river the entire day on the fast train, as darkness came on we still were gliding along near a large body of water.

The next place we reached was the great city of

Montreal. This is a city containing over 300,000 inhabitants. Just before reaching the city we crossed the St. Lawrence River on the great iron bridge. This is a grand structure, having the railroad tracks below and the wagon road above. It is two miles in length and is a marvelous piece of workmanship.

The business portion of the city of Montreal is built largely of brick. The great cathedral towers up among its surroundings as one of the great attractions. This building is supposed to be surmounted with the largest bell upon the continent, its weight being nearly thirteen thousand pounds.

The inhabitants seemed to be of an industrious turn, the business houses having a good trade, more particularly the beer saloons that were quite numerous and doing a rushing business. A delegation found a tribe of Indians were visiting here exposing for sale numerous fancy articles of beadwork and found a good trade among the Endeavorers.

We now proceed on our way to the New England States, passing through the country that seems the natural home of the evergreen trees that here raise their lofty heads toward the skies, here scattering and there in groups, exhibiting their rich foliage and sending forth their pleasant fragrance, scenting the atmosphere with its richly laden and health-giving breezes. As we proceed the country seems more of an uneven surface with occasionally a large hill producing a romantic scenery interspersed with cultivated fields and gardens, farm houses and forests.

CHAPTER V.

New England.

We soon are gliding over the Vermont Central Railroad and are fully convinced that we are approaching the New England hills and rock-bound coast. The great mountains tower their lofty peaks first on one side of our route and then on the other. Some very close, some in the far distance, their smooth surface covered with nature's mantle of green, indicating their name. The wonders of the world may truly be witnessed as we view the mountains, the ocean, the lakes, the rivers and streams. Vermont may truly be said to be a land of hills and valleys. The hills are largely covered with rock, in fact many of them are nearly all rock. The valleys between the hills were where the houses were built, the neat little dwelling with the barn and orchard and the other convenient surroundings. The horse, the cow, the hogs and the chickens were all happily domiciled and domesticated on the little domain of but a few acres, the children making demonstrations of joy indicating that this to them was a happy home. Some of our company expressed themselves when they noticed the degree of frugality they exhibited in the care of their crops and the caution used that nothing be wasted. They could but note the difference between farming in Vermont and farming in Iowa, stating that very

many of the farmers in the State of Iowa allowed more to be wasted than the entire crop of some of these small farmers. Yet they rear their children, supply them with schools and churches and instill into them habits of industry, frugality and morality and they become educated along this line from early childhood and prove to the world that upon these fundamental principles rests the prosperity and happiness of mankind. The soil though seeming somewhat sterile, with the thorough cultivation given by these industrious people, produces abundant crops of such grain and vegetables as are most needed for their use. A traveler was once riding through this country. Noticing the hills and the rocks and the poor quality of the soil, he thought it poorly adapted for the rearing of any kind of crops. Presently meeting an old lady he accosted her with the question, "What do you raise in this part of the country?" The reply he received was unexpected but to the point. As she reared her stalwart form to its full height the answer came, "We raise men, sir." Her answer may truly be verified, for among these natives of the rocks and hills of Vermont and New Hampshire have been culled some of the most renowned men of the nation, both in civil, and military life. Their habits of prudence, industry and morality vouchsafed to them the elements of success that ever attend those that have these qualities. It insures to them the reward that ever awaits those who are blessed with proper training from early childhood.

Some of these settlers were not contented with what farm land there was in a single valley, this being surrounded or nearly so, by a steep ledge of rocks serving as a permanent fence on the too-angular sides, while the front toward the track was fenced with a substantial stone wall. A quarter of a mile away was another valley similar to the first that was also used for cultivation. There seemed no road connecting these valleys, only the railroad, and having hay to rake in this valley a man started through the cut of the railroad track with a rake and horse attached, probably not thinking of the excursion train coming at a rapid rate, until he was overtaken when nearly through, and rake and horse were dumped off in a confused mass.

We now can see the rocks, hills, mountains and streams of New Hampshire. While we are proceeding onward our sweet singers strike up one of their beautiful songs that go so far towards brightening life's pathway and cementing more firmly the "tie that binds." We occasionally passed a little village, a regular New England village, with its church, and schoolhouse, its blacksmith and wheelwright shops, its store and postoffice and the few cozy dwellings that go to make up the center of attraction to the settlers in the vicinity. These all present a thrifty and tidy appearance.

Daniel Webster's Farm.

One of our number advanced the question, wishing to know how such farms as these would rent

in the State of Iowa. This brought to our memory an incident that occurred several years ago when Daniel Webster, the noted lawyer, statesman and orator, was doing business in Boston. In one of his trades he came in possession of a small farm in the State of New Hampshire. He was owner of this farm several years, but owing to professional duties that were ever pressing, he had never seen it. One summer while taking a trip to the White Mountains he thought he would stop off and take a view of his possessions. Going up to the little dilapidated dwelling he rapped on the door. His call was answered by a stern elderly lady who wished to know what he wanted. He asked her if he could get a drink of water. "Certainly," she replied, and handed out to him a tin dipper of water. He then asked her how long she had lived there. She replied, "Several years." He then asked her how much land she had there and if she owned it. "No," she said, "it belongs to a lawyer who lives in Boston by the name of Webster." "How much rent do you have to pay?" "Rent, we don't pay any rent, and if he don't come pretty soon and fix up the house I will go off and leave it. I will not stay here freezing."

From the external appearance of many of the farms, to the western farmer their views on the system of renting would be all they could raise and the house kept in good repair. With all these meagre surroundings have come forth men of excellence to the state and nation and the highest offices in

the gift of the people have been honorably filled by the parties who came from these states.

It seemed perfectly natural for them to find an answer for every question. A stranger driving through that country during a cold and backward spring accosted a boy who was at work in an adjoining field, asking him what the matter was with his corn, what made it look so yellow. "Why," said he, "We planted the yellow kind." "Well, what makes it look so small?" "Why, father went away over to Uncle Bill's to get some of his small kind." "Well, it don't look as if you would get more than half a crop." "Well, we don't expect but half a crop; we put this in on shares." The stranger concluded it was hard to outwit one of these Yankees, although nothing but a boy.

Our train is now rapidly rolling along by the side of a small stream, a tributary to the Merrimac River. We follow the water course by crossing and recrossing as we speed onward toward the capital of the state. Concord is a fine city situated on the bank of the Merrimac River.

Hannah Dustin Monument.

Just as we reached the river there came to our view a large nice stone and marble monument, beautifully carved and surmounted by a life-size, beautiful female figure. This monument is erected to the memory of Hannah Dustin upon Contoocock Island, a small island in the river near the city. She was one of the pioneer settlers in the early his-

tory of this country and clearly exhibits the skill, nerve, bravery and endurance of the early settlers of that day. In an early day the Indians who are ever treacherous, would occasionally get on the war path and slyly and cruelly commit the most barbarous depredations ever known in warfare. On one of these raids upon the settlers the Dustin family were suddenly attacked, Mr. Dustin being at work in the field. Hurrying to the house he got out his family of wife and eight children and ordered a hasty retreat. Mrs. Dustin having a babe only a week old, she with her nurse, fell into the hands of the savages. As prisoners they were marched into the wilderness. The babe becoming troublesome, cried. Not liking this, one of the savages snatched it from its mother and killed it. They continued their course for several days into the dense forest, and at night as they lay about the campfire in an exhausted condition they were soon sound asleep. Mrs. Dustin stealthily arose, awakened her nurse, also a boy who had been previously taken prisoner. They had learned from the Indians how to strike a blow that would produce instant death. Securing each a tomahawk and planning each their part, at a given signal the blows were struck and of the twelve sleepers ten lay dead. One, a squaw, was not fatally wounded; the other being a child, was spared through design. She who had but a short time previous given up all hope of ever seeing her loved ones again, was now master of the situation. Animated with the hope

of escape she immediately commenced to carry out her plan. Having first secured the gun and tomahawk and a bag of scalps as trophies of her heroism, they commenced their journey through the forest. They soon found a stream; this they followed believing it would lead to civilization. By the bank of the river they found a canoe. They seated themselves in this and floated down the river for several days and nights until they came near to the point where the monument now stands erected to her memory, and were greeted with the greatest joy by their loving friends who had given up all hope of ever seeing them again.

We next arrive at the city of Nashua. This is a fine-looking place. One peculiarity about it is the material of the buildings, nearly every structure in the town being composed of hard brick.

We soon come to the large manufacturing cities of Lawrence and Lowell. These places are noted for the large number of cotton factories where the numerous operators turn out immense quantities of manufactured goods that have gained a world wide reputation for their excellent qualities. The falls in the Merrimac River produce the excellent water power that propels the great machinery that furnish employment to the thousands of male and female operatives that are employed here. These cities may truly be called the cities of "spindles," on account of the quantity and quality of manufactured goods that are annually made from the raw material.

CHAPTER VI.

C. E. Convention at Boston.

We are now approaching the great historical New England city—Boston. We find it swept and garnished and attired in its very best and ready to cordially receive its visitors to the great convention. When we arrived at the Union Depot we were met by a large number of enthusiastic, happy, smiling Christian Endeavorers who cordially greeted us to their city and the great convention. Every question asked was cheerfully answered. Guides were furnished to direct or accompany us to any place we wished to go. We were astonished at the decorative display. The first motto that greeted us was met as we stepped on the platform from the crowded train. The Christian Endeavor flags could be seen in every direction, while in gold edged, highly colored, large ornamental letters was this one motto that seems to thrill the heart of every true Endeavorer: "For Christ and the Church, Welcome," emblematical of the true religion and the upbuilding of the doctrine of righteousness and Christianity. These mottoes were displayed upon every church, booth or headquarters for the meeting of the Endeavorers, while the flags were in wonderful profusion, placed upon nearly every business house along the line of our travel. The delegates as they arrived were directed to the headquarters of their

respective states, which was one of the many different churches throughout the city. Upon arrival there and presenting the proper credentials, we were given a program of the meeting, also a badge entitling the wearer to enter all meetings of the convention. We were surprised to note the wonderful growth of Boston since we had left the city in which we were employed as a clerk in a hardware store more than forty years before, at which time we became very familiar with many portions of the city. Wonderful changes had been wrought in the straightening of the streets and the erection of new buildings; the places that had been very familiar to me now seemed strange. Union Street, the one that had been traversed by me daily for many months, was now made wider and straightened and the one and a half story wooden building that we occupied had been replaced with a fine four-story brick that presented a fine, but to me an unnatural, appearance.

When we neared the "Common," the great attraction of the day seemed to be two very large tents that were surrounded by dense crowds of people. Upon our approach we were admitted to find them seemingly packed, but like the old fashioned omnibus, there always seemed to be room for one more. After the usher had found us a comfortable seat we were deeply impressed with the size and character of the audience. Fifteen thousand persons were said to be in this great audience. It seemed like a sea of faces in whatever direction

we looked, and more than that, they seemed to be lit up and radiated with love for the Divine Master. We have attended quite a number of different kinds of conventions but this one for real enjoyment surpassed them all. They seemed like brothers and sisters in reality and without waiting for an introduction were endeavoring to carry out the true principles of their motto, "For Christ and the Church." During the few minutes before the regular exercises commenced it seemed a grand social gathering. Though thousands of miles intervened between their homes, they were as of one mind and heart and were using their best efforts to make those near them to feel happy and it seemed as though they met with remarkably good success. In this great tent were assembled 15,000 persons whose hearts were enlightened and made glad and beat in sympathy in the one grand cause for which they had assembled, to advance the standard and promote a deeper interest in the great work assigned to this Christian organization. Aside from this one were two other assemblages of equally vast proportions, and equally enthusiastic in carrying out the plans to promote the great work assigned to them as workers in the Lord's vineyard. Here were in attendance to this great Convention delegates not only from every State in this glorious Union of ours, but representatives to this grand gathering from very many of the other countries of the world who were interested in the grand object of this great gathering. Among this assemblage could be

found representatives from Canada, England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Mexico, Australia, India, Japan and Africa. With such a representation from so large a portion of the world and representing the best principles of the people, represented in the true light of Christianity and having for its object the salvation of the souls of their fellow beings, could we think otherwise than that such a gathering, illuminated with the light of love for the great Master, would result in a most joyous occasion.

Governor Greenhalge gave the Endeavorers a grand treat in his address of welcome to the State of Massachusetts. His earnest manner and wise sayings were received with marked effect, in the beautiful words that he used in welcoming this great army to the State of Massachusetts. His speech made a deep impression upon his audience as he championed the cause of Christianity and with well chosen words highly applauded the society of Christian Endeavorers. We were deeply impressed when several months later we received the intelligence that he had gone to his reward and we trust was gladly welcomed by the heavenly host in the great beyond. He left a memory to the living not readily forgotten. His energy and earnestness in the cause he championed seemed to place him in near touch with the people.

The presiding officer of this session of the great Convention was Francis E. Clark, the founder of the movement. In his address he spoke highly of the earnestness manifested and the progress made

among the willing workers in the great cause they were advocating to carry out the true spirit of their motto, "For Christ and the Church."

Secretary Baer read his annual report and gave statistics that showed the magnitude of the great and good work that was in progress and the wonderful success it had already attained. In his report he stated that there were 1563 societies in the State of Iowa. There were in attendance 773 delegates from that State. In noting the progress it had made during the past year not only in regard to members, but the amount of good influences that had been scattered broadcast throughout the land, is worthy of not only comment but careful consideration, as it tends toward a higher life and a greater degree of usefulness. He stated that during the past year 202,000 persons taken from the ranks of the Christian Endeavorers had joined the various churches throughout our land. What an influence for good. It clearly shows that Christianity is rapidly advancing through the aid of these workers in the Master's vineyard. Happy thought, that the world is growing better and that sin, misery and wretchedness are being banished from our midst. Thousands of voices sent forth their most melodious strains in worship of the Supreme Ruler whose true promise is to lead us safely on to the realms of eternal joy. Some fifteen speakers took the stand and each made from five to eight minute speeches of the very best thoughts they had for this occasion.

It was truly a rare treat and a fund of enjoyment to every seeker of true happiness.

At the close of the morning session appointments were made to hold services at the many different churches throughout the city. These meetings were largely attended by those of a true worshipping spirit. Noted speakers from all over our land who were interested and had a word for "Christ and the Church" took an active part in these meetings, consequently they were made very enjoyable occasions.

Faneuil Hall.

The mayor in his address of welcome said he not only welcomed them to the privileges of the city but to all the other places of interest to them, stating there were several places of deep historical interest that he wished them to visit before they left for their homes. These were Faneuil Hall, Bunker Hill Monument, the Old North and the Old South Churches, the harbor where the tea was thrown over board, the Museum, the State House and other public buildings, the public garden and the various memorial monuments and statues that graced the public places of the city. Faneuil Hall is one of the ancient landmarks of the city, being built in the year 1741, a donation to the city by Peter Faneuil, who generously showed the interest he manifested in the general welfare of the inhabitants of the city of Boston. It was at this hall that the famous town meetings were held. These meetings were for

the instruction of the classes, both young and old, rich and poor, assembled and upon an equality engaged in discussion on all the local questions of the day. The great question of liberty was here discussed until the minds and hearts of the people were truly imbued with the true spirit of freedom. The voices of Benjamin Franklin, Daniel Webster, Horace Mann, Edward Everett, Theodore Parker, Henry Clay and a host of others were made to resound upon the ears of the eager listeners until the whole people seemed to be burning with a glowing fire of patriotism. This hall is called the "Cradle of Liberty," for here the great question was incubated and the plans were laid that afterward resulted in the independence of the people. It was here in this Hall that the great meeting was held in which the "Boston Tea Party" was formed and the party of men disguised as Indians boarded the vessels and emptied three hundred and forty-two chests of tea into the water. This little episode stirred up a spirit of wrath and indignation toward the colonists that finally led to the clashing of arms. Probably the oldest public building now standing is the Old State House that was built in the year 1712. This building faces Court Square upon Court Street, and still retains its primitive appearance. Although the storms, sunshine and blasts of more than two centuries have fallen upon this graceful structure, it still retains its original beauty, having been well preserved. The next oldest building now standing

in the city is the Christ Church that was dedicated in 1723.

The Old North Church.

The Old North Church is another of the old landmarks of historical record for it was from the belfry of this church that the lanterns were displayed that gave the signal to Paul Revere that the British were coming to make an attack upon the colonial army on the night previous to the battle of Lexington. Revere having previously made an agreement with an old gentleman who was in sympathy with the colonists that he should display the lights from the steeple of the Church upon the receipt of his knowledge that they were coming. He was expectantly waiting on the impatient horse and when the lights appeared, he rapidly sped his way, giving the alarm as he went, arousing the sleeping settlers as he traveled the entire distance to Lexington. The next morning the first battle of the Revolutionary War was fought, it being on the 19th of April, 1775.

The Old South Church is still in a good state of preservation and one of the attractions of the present day. This church was used while Boston was in the hands of the British as a training school for their cavalry troops. It is at the present time used as a museum of antiquities and stands among the foremost of the ancient attractions of Boston.

Bunker Hill Monument.

Bunker Hill Monument is also another one of the attractions of this ancient city. This is a granite shaft 221 feet in height, erected to perpetuate the memory of the great battle on the 17th of June, 1775, also to mark the spot where General Warren sacrificed his life for the cause of Independence. A stranger coming to this city views with wonder and astonishment this massive structure towering heavenward among its surroundings. Among the first prisoners that were captured by the Yankees during the Civil War was a lot sent to Fort Warren, Boston. They were not very well versed in the history of their country as the conversation with the guard shows. When they beheld the towering shaft their curiosity was aroused. "What is that tall thing?" says one. The guard informed him that it was Bunker Hill Monument. "What is it there for?" The guard informed him it was to mark the place where General Warren fell. "Did it kill him?" "Certainly, he died right there." "Well, I should think it would have killed him if he fell from the top of that thing."

The Public Garden.

The public garden is one of the grand attractions of Boston. When I first saw Boston Common, it contained a nice little pond known as the Boston Frog Pond. After the introduction of the water from Cochituate Lake this pond was enlarged and

laid out in an irregular shape so it does not look much like it did when Benjamin Franklin and his playmates used to play in and about it. When we last saw it small steamers were plying upon it that carried passengers around the pond that appeared to be after the pattern of the spread eagle, its irregular shape making it quite a distance, and the sail was greatly enjoyed and highly appreciated by young America.

The profusion of plants and flowers in this garden were truly beautiful and interesting to behold. That lovely word welcome was tastefully arranged from the growing plants and was viewed with exclamations of delight while the rarer and tropical plants furnished a scene that was truly appreciated by the Endeavorers.

The soldiers' monument is a prominent and an interesting figure. This monument is built of stone, 100 feet in height, some forty feet square at its base, upon four pedestals which are surmounted with life size bronze figures of the soldier and sailor dressed in their uniforms and weapons of warfare; also two female figures, one holding a book and pen, the other bearing the olive branch of peace representing peace and progress of the nation. Nearby is the large bronze figure of General Washington on horseback. These figures are about twice the natural size and make a very imposing appearance. There are several other noted statues, among them, Atticks, the first man killed by the British in the war of revolution.

The State House stands on Tremont Street and facing the Common. The grounds are kept in fine shape, beautiful walks surrounding and crossing in different directions among the green grass and lovely flowers. Beautiful shade trees lend their shade to the travelers as they promenade on these walks. Nearby was a large bronze lion in a sitting posture with a small stream of water continually running from its mouth, also an iron dipper that was kept chained for the convenience of thirsty travelers. There were people ever promenading on the beautiful walks beneath the shade of the large trees. During the heated term they took advantage of getting the pure air and exercise at the Common and Public Garden.

The Park Street Church stands near the Common, it being one of the old land marks. Some forty years before it was our privilege to hear Henry Ward Beecher lecture on temperance in this Church, when Dr. Lymm Beecher and his five sons, all ministers, were present with him in the pulpit, while Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," sat on the platform in front, forming an interesting feature of this renowned family. Although all or nearly all have passed away, they have left their influence mingled with many pleasant memories behind them that is even now being felt.

Endeavorers Visit Salem.

At one of the sessions of the Endeavorers an in-

visitation was given them to visit Salem, situated on the coast some fourteen miles from Boston. This is a nice city and one that I always have taken a deep interest in, for I was born and raised only six miles distant from it. The Endeavorers sent word that they would be down the next day, 10,000 of them. Being somewhat anxious to see old Salem again I went down that night in time to attend a meeting of the Endeavorers, over which the Mayor presided. He spoke of the visitors that they were expecting the next day, said they were strangers in their city and he wished them to be entertained and welcomed in the best manner possible. "Many of your parlors," said he, "I have never seen the inside of, but I want you to open your parlor doors, invite them in; you need not be afraid of them, for they are composed of the very best class of people we have in our land."

The next day, according to agreement, the Endeavorers came flocking in trainload after trainload, and were gladly welcomed by the Endeavorers of the City of Salem. They paraded the streets in bands, in flocks and in droves. A joyous crowd were they. Every face seemed to be lit up with the light of God's love that brings peace and happiness to the soul. Near the street corner where I was standing with quite a number of others, was an old farmer bent with age. The foremost of the company struck up one of their most beautiful songs that are always so inspiring, and when joined by the whole party seemed to fill the whole surround-

ings with melody. "What kind of folks are these Christian Endeavorers?" asked the old farmer. "They are the happiest set of folks I ever saw in all my life." We truly believe that the old farmer was right, for where can you find a happier people than those who we find enrolled among that number who have obligated themselves to work for "Christ and the Church."

CHAPTER VII.

Seeing the Sights.

The Endeavorers were now wide awake and very anxious to see the sights. They soon met a reporter that they nearly put out of business by asking him five or six questions all at once. They wished to know where the first church was located? The old witch house? The house of seven gables? Gallows hill? The house where Hawthorne was born? Where could they see the tide waters? He said the questions came from this company of young women so thick and fast that he was entirely frustrated and greatly baffled in his calling.

The first Church in the country was built in the year 1634, although the church was organized in 1629. It was a very heavy framed building, sixteen feet by twenty, thirteen feet in height. The interior contained a very high pulpit at one end; on one side was a gallery, supported by heavy posts. These posts had to be encased with a wire netting to keep the visitors from taking off little pieces to retain as souvenirs of this wonderful building. A portion of the pews were still in the building. Visitors were not allowed in the gallery as that was being used for the storage of quite a lot of the old style machinery including the spinning wheel and loom, and other real old fashioned things. This old building is held in high esteem by the citizens of

Salem. It is nearly surrounded by large brick buildings and is well protected from fire. The weatherboarding is kept well painted, and upon the front a billboard contains the following:

“Church organized August 6th, 1629. Built 1634. Rodger Williams the first pastor.”

ARTICLES OF COVENANT.

“We covenant with the Lord and with one another and do bind ourselves in the presence of God to walk together in all His ways according as He is revealed to us in His blessed word of truth.”

Rodger Williams, though a just and good man, disagreed with the leading members of his church upon some doctrinal points and was with direful threats banished from his country. Starting out on foot and alone into the dense forest, traveling for many days in a southerly direction, subsisting upon such as the forests afforded, barks, roots and herbs, he finally encountered a party of Indians that proved to be friendly to him. They took him to their camp where he was kindly received and cared for. To prove their friendship they furnished him with a home and treated him in a very friendly manner. All of this kind treatment he looked upon as coming through the dispensation of a kind Providence that guided his steps to the pleasant surroundings he there found. So he named this place Providence, being on the site where the city of Providence, Rhode Island, now stands, that great

and noble city that had such a miraculous beginning.

The Old Witch House.

The old witch house that was among the first where witchcraft prevailed, is still now standing. Nearly two centuries have passed since it was among the most noted of the times in which the people of Salem and from a long distance around were dealing with that terrible delusion that brought sorrow, suffering and death to so many of the inhabitants. The Endeavorers were greatly interested in viewing this house which at this time was showing its age, though it still maintained its original shape and promises to be a sight for the beholders for a long time to come.

That afternoon an open air meeting was held on the Common. Two colored orators spoke before the vast crowd assembled there. One of these was Bishop Arnett from Ohio; he is a grand speaker, having a rich mellow voice of great volume. With words and thoughts from the wonderful mind that he possessed, accompanied with his splendid oratory and his wonderful love for the work of the Master, could it be thought otherwise than that he held his audience spellbound as he uttered in his rich flowing language the beautiful words of the Savior's love and His wonderful mercy to all, if they will accept His promises and strive to do His will.

There was present at this meeting the man that first signed the Christian Endeavor Pledge. He

made a short speech on the speaker's stand and spoke in highest terms of the Christian Endeavor movement. There was present one man who was the son of a Revolutionary soldier, being a musician on the speaker's stand.

The same evening we attended a meeting at one of the churches. Several fine speakers were present and addressed the gathering. Among them was the Mayor of the city. There was also in attendance on the platform a Chinaman and an Indian who were students from their schools. The first said he was educating himself to be a missionary, as he had found that wondrous Love that had been so good to him. He wished to go back to his own countrymen and teach them the way that leads toward that heavenly city where Christ reigns. Another young man, an Indian from the Indian school, stood before the audience and spoke in his broken English of the great advantage he had received from the Christian Endeavor movement, how he had been elevated since he first begun the Christian life. Said he, "Three years ago I lived in a wigwam and wore a blanket and could not speak a word of English." What a contrast, as he now appeared before this audience dressed in a fashionable suit and in his broken English speaking of the Savior's love and telling what Christ and Christian Endeavor had done for him. He wished to qualify himself so he could go back among his friends and kindred and associates and preach to them the gospel of Christ that he had

found so precious to him. As I viewed these two young men that had been brought from darkness unto light, reared from the dark places of the earth and now treading the pathway of righteousness, I was forced to believe what a grand and noble thing it is to be a Christian and work "for Christ and the Church."

Salem Witchcraft.

At an early date in the year 1692 a strange delusion came over the citizens of Salem. There was a minister by the name of Parris that had several children that seemed to be ungovernable. Their parents or any one beside could not seem to manage them. While at church they would talk or scream during the services disturbing the congregation, and as they could not be quieted it was believed they were bewitched. Committees of examination were held to ascertain the cause and who it was that bewitched them. During this time the terrible mania spread to other children. Courts, committees, judges seemed to foster no other belief than that they were laboring under the influence of this terrible scourge. They would ask them to tell who the person was that bewitched them. When a person was named they were placed under arrest and drawn before the court for trial. They were almost unanimously found guilty and committed to prison. The people believed in witchcraft, even those of the highest rank and respectability. Clergymen, lawyers, judges, and the

best talented people of the town were in full sympathy with that belief. Courts were held, the accused were found guilty, after more than fifty arrests had been made, many of them from the most pious and respected people in their midst. One, an old lady, who doubtless got in a hurry to get her apple dumplings boiling, did not stop to peel or core the apples but put them in whole; this new way before unheard of was considered proof enough to cause her arrest; accordingly she was brought before the court, pronounced guilty and thrown into prison, as one who was under the influence of Satan. After twenty persons had been publicly hanged on the gallows that was erected on the hill nearby, and many of the best citizens had been tortured and hanged, the people awoke to their superstitious belief and greatly regretted and mourned that they were so foolish as to listen to the pranks of a few unruly children. One judge, who had taken an active part in the prosecution of these people, afterward so deeply regretted it, that on the day of their annual Fast he would arise in his seat and make an acknowledgment of the error he had committed and prayerfully asked that he might be forgiven.

Gallows Hill.

The Endeavorers were anxious to see Gallows Hill and were kindly escorted to the spot which had become greatly changed since it became the place of the execution of the persons who were so

cruelly destroyed and their lives blotted out because, through ignorance and superstition, they were supposed to be witches. The march of progress had changed from the barren hill to a well arranged street with nice buildings that take the place of the dreaded instrument of death that took the lives of so many persons who were guilty of no crime, only supposed to be witches. Thus Gallows Hill exists in history and likely its name will ever be handed down to all future generations as a mark of the superstitious belief that our forefathers exercised in regard to the Salem witchcraft.

Hawthorne House.

The Endeavorers were very much interested in viewing the old curiosities. It was especially so in regard to the old houses and public buildings in the city of Salem. It was quite an attraction to see the house that furnished the birthplace of the great writer and scholar Nathaniel Hawthorne. The Endeavorers gathered there in droves to see it. This is a large two story house presenting a rather old appearance. It was divided into quite a number of rooms and furnished the dwelling place for several families. One thing very peculiar about it was its wonderful chimney, for it was built at an early date, when the belief was that every fireplace must have its separate flue. The uniting of these from the different fireplaces into one chimney made it of immense size and of a very irregular shape

and pronounced by the visitors as a wonderful chimney.

House of Seven Gables.

This is another of the old attractions of the city of Salem. It is a large two-story framed house standing by the side of the bay. It is of a peculiar build, having a bulged roof and also having seven gables. This house is known far and wide and its fame has gone into history as the residence of Hawthorne and where he did the most of his famous writings. It is situated near the sea and is called the Hawthorne House. Here is seen the broad expanse of the water with its many ships, vessels and boats passing to and fro. It was here that he gazed upon the placid waters as they presented a calm and peaceful scene, filling life with hope and joy. It was here also that he viewed the turbulent waters when the fierce storms came and the troubled sea rolled in its monstrous waves following each other in quick succession, lashing the shore with its terrible fury. Then, after the storm, a most beautiful sunset appears. A glorious sight is the sunset upon the ocean. The rolling waves as they send upward their foaming crests seem also to be illuminated with an inward light that spreads its rays upward toward the variegated crimson sky, producing a scene that the most skillful artist cannot paint; nor can the ready writer picture in words the grandeur of the beautiful panorama of the heavens and sea.

Lincoln Monument.

Standing upon a high pedestal is the life size figure of the lamented Lincoln. He stands erect with his head bowed while directly in front is the form of an African slave upon his knees looking imploringly into the face of his benefactor as he holds up his shackled hands to have the shackles removed. We were deeply impressed as we gazed upon this monument as it brought to our mind the sacrifices that were made by those who took an active part in rendering aid in the removal of these shackles. We thought of the heart aches, the suffering and the death of the thousands who were engaged and were the most interested in having the flag of freedom float proudly over our land and bringing peace, freedom and prosperity to the Nation.

The Tides.

The Endeavorers visiting here were very much interested in viewing the water in the bay as the larger portion of them had never seen an ocean, and it was with much interest they watched the great waves as they came rolling upon the shore. The tides to them was a curiosity as it seemed difficult for them to understand why it was the water ebbed and flowed. As they went down many of the little boats were floating upon the water near the shore; a few hours later when they returned the water had receded and they were quietly

resting on the bottom of the bay. A spring of good fresh water is found sending out a good volume of water that a short time before was eight or ten feet beneath the ocean waves. Along the sea-shore may be seen the different shells, the sea weed composed of the many different plants and vegetation of the mighty deep. The fierce waves break or loosen them from their holdings and they are swept in huge quantities on the shore or beach. From the oft and continued lashing of the big waves the beach becomes very compact and hard, affording a grand place for pleasure riding that is largely used by persons wishing to get the full benefit of the pure ocean breeze.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Sea Shore.

The New England coast is a rockbound coast. Its irregular shore forming many bays, nooks and creeks that present to the beholder a very picturesque view of the many different curiosities. Occasionally a small space is found where the rocks are absent. It is here where the nice beaches are found oftentimes covered with the pure white sand, affording nice places for bathing in the surf. Frequently after every tide there is left some specimens of the ocean's products. It may be some large fish or shark or lobster, crabs and horse shoe, with the jelly fish. Add to these the many different kinds of shell that are scattered promiscuously along the beach and it affords an attraction of deep interest as we view the many curiosities that are floated ashore by the great ocean waves.

Attractions Along the Coast.

Here may be found the mansions of the well-to-do, and the ones that have retired from the business life in which they have laid by a fortune, and wish to spend a quiet life away from the noise and tumult of the busy city. Here may be found the home of the millionaires with their costly mansions located all along the coast upon every little slightly eminence overlooking the broad ocean. Here they

can view the many different ships and steamers that are continually making their regular trips to and fro between Boston and the nearby ports that connect their commercial interest between England, France, Germany, China and Japan and the other great nations of the earth. From this coast there is a most magnificent view of the ocean and its wild, broken and romantic appearance given it by its scattering pines and its rocky coast mingled with continual splashing of the great waves. It seems like a combination of art and nature between sea and land. Along the coast leading from the town of Beverly to Kettle Cove and Mackerel Cove and Beverly Farms has often been described by strangers as having the most attractive scenery of any place they have ever visited, and was chosen by President Taft as his summer resort.

The Islands Along the Coast.

We could not give a real description of the outlines of the coast without a mention of the islands that are scattered along within a few miles of the shore. Among these Misery Island is the largest and located one mile from the shore. It contains one hundred acres of soil and rocks. Near the center of this island is a pond of fresh water. The grass grew in abundance here and afforded fine pasturage for stock. Cattle were frequently swum over in the spring and allowed to remain until fall, when they were taken back well fitted for the butcher's block.

When I first visited this island there was but one house upon it, in which there lived a family. On my last visit there it was well supplied with large hotels, summer resorts and many beautiful buildings. Near to this is Little Misery Island and still further out into the sea is located Bakers Island. This island is favorably known by the seafaring men as one of great importance to the sailors who sail their crafts to and from the different ports in this vicinity. This island contains the beacon light that is a never failing guide to the mariner. Its light is different from all the other lights along the coast. It contains a high and substantially built tower. Near the top of this the light is so arranged that it keeps up a continuous travel around the tower, occupying nearly a minute in making the circuit. While the light is in full view it is discerned in all its brightness; as it travels around it seems to the eye to lose its brightness and grow smaller until it is entirely obscured behind the great tower, but soon again comes in sight, continually growing in brightness until it comes into full view. There are a great many of the Government lights scattered along the coast. This light is so arranged that it forms a key to the others in the immediate vicinity, as the others may be located from the peculiarities of this one. A vessel coming in from sea, as it comes in view of the different lights, very frequently mistakes one for the other, for in full view may be the lights of Manchester, Beverly, Salem, Marblehead and sev-

eral others. Shipwrecks frequently occur through mistaking one light for another. This revolving light is a great help in defining the position of the different lights in that vicinity.

There are several other islands near this coast, among which we might name Lowell Island, it being a favorite summer resort. It has a good supply of fine buildings, supplied with numerous other attractions that are held out to the public to induce them to spend their vacation and visit at some of the fine and stately hotels of this island and take advantage of the splendid opportunity of fishing, hunting and bathing in the exhilarating waters of the Atlantic. Among the other islands are the Little Misery, the Gooseberry, the Chubs and others that are situated near the coast. As we were reared only a few miles from this coast, we used to make frequent visits to these islands.

The Breakers.

One of the most dangerous obstacles that the sailor has to contend with as he traverses the sea is the hidden reefs of rocks that lie just beneath the surface of the ocean.

Such a ledge of rocks, some three or four miles from shore, is called the Dry Breakers because it is seldom that the entire reef is under the ocean waves. Some five or six miles farther out in the ocean is another reef known as the Breakers. This is quite an extensive ledge of rocks that is just

hidden beneath the waves that are continually lashing and breaking, sending up the foaming waters that may be seen from a long distance in a clear atmosphere. These hidden obstacles plainly reveal to us the hazardous life of the mariner as he is approaching the shore. The utmost precaution is used for their protection. During the night the lights are brightly burning. If the weather is foggy the peal of the fog bell may be plainly heard sending out its warning tones from the various lighthouses warning them that the breakers and the rock-bound coast is nigh.

The Pilots.

Upon the arrival of ships wishing to enter the different ports along the coast, their first duty is to run up a flag as a signal for a pilot. If one does not come to meet them they come to an anchor and wait for the pilot boat. This is usually a fast sailing boat that is manned usually by about half a dozen men who are well acquainted with the coast, composed largely of retired sea captains who have spent a large portion of their lives traversing the mighty deep and have become familiar with all obstacles liable to be in the pathway of the approaching vessel as it steers into port. These men are formed into a company that obligates itself to be responsible for all damages to vessel or cargo while piloting it to its destination. Upon the arrival of the pilot boat usually one of its men goes aboard

of the vessel, when the entire command is given to him by the captain, who frequently retires to his room, while the craft is safely piloted into port.

Manchester by the Sea.

This is a nice little town by the seaside. It was our privilege to visit this town on the day it was celebrating its 250th anniversary of the arrival of the *Arabella* with Governor Winthrop of the Colonist. This was a grand affair, witnessed by a large gathering of people assembled, a repetition of the great event of 250 years ago that founded upon the seacoast the nice little town of Manchester. The people of the city of Salem and vicinity had arranged a flatboat upon which they had constructed a duplicate of the grand old ship, the *Arabella*. It was a great curiosity to see this wonderful craft come sailing into the harbor with its sails all spread and the grand old flag a-flying amid the booming of cannon and with the exultations of joy mingled with the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner." The wild Indians skulk around in the distance. The great crowd that gathered were very enthusiastic and seemed to imbibe the spirit of the old settlers of two and a half centuries ago and were active in carrying out the program and entertaining the large number of visitors who had come to their town.

The Lieutenant-Governor of the state gave an able and interesting address that was well received and

applauded by his hearers. While here we came in contact with an old comrade who was unfortunate in losing his sight by the premature discharge of a gun. I obtained from him the following lines that give a wonderful meaning to the life of the unfortunate blind:

A Blind Man.

'Mid sorrow and sadness I'm destined to roam;
Forlorn and forsaken, I wander alone.
The works of art and nature are hid from my view;
The pleasures of life, I must bid them adieu.

I hear the birds, at the gray of the morn,
Singing praises to God for the day that is born.
I long to behold them, in their plumage so gay;
But alas! it's all dark—for me there's no day.

I feel the soft, gentle breeze as it sweeps o'er the fields,
Bearing the fragrance of flowers which they yield.
Those sweet, fragrant flowers, how delicious to me!
But their bright colors I never shall see.

I hear the gurgling streams as they roll on their way,
Reflecting in their shadows the sun's bright ray.
Their soft, gentle murmurs, how delightful to me!
But their bright, sparkling water I never shall see.

I hear the merry laugh of the gay, busy throng;
Friends meet friends as they hurry along:
While I grope my way, some shelter to find,
O God! what an affliction it is to be blind!

O God! I beseech Thee, bestow on me grace
To help and support me in death's cold embrace!
I long to depart; set my captive soul free,
In that spirit land where the blind shall see.

Rockport.

Taking the train at Manchester, we soon were on our way toward Rockport, which is located

along the coast near Cape Ann. This is a wonderful rocky country, some good soil in proximity to the coast, but the larger part of the country has its surface covered with rocks, some of them the size of a good-sized building. Rockport is a nice little town, having a number of fine buildings. I made a visit to my cousin, whom I had not seen for 32 years. We were shown the nice G. A. R. hall that had just been completed, also made a visit to the old church that had recently been repaired, and presented a nice appearance. This is one of the old land marks and noted for its having a cannon ball lodged in its steeple during an engagement in the war of 1812.

Rockport has a fine harbor, although faulty in one respect. It was not protected enough from the storms and heavy seas that swept in during a storm. I was informed that the Government had made an appropriation of \$100,000 a year and \$700,000 had already been expended and about 300 feet of the breakwater had been completed while the long distance across the bay was still incomplected. This barrier for resistance of the waves was made by merely dumping in the rock in quantities sufficient to reach to the surface of the water, it being about 90 feet in depth at the part already completed. It has the promise of being a splendid harbor when completed.

Fishing in the Atlantic Ocean.

We cannot give a thorough and accurate account

of the attractions along the coast without giving a slight account of this pleasant pastime that was so well appreciated by many of the settlers living near the coast. It was the usual custom for the farmers in our neighborhood to get up a fishing party and spend a day out on the ocean fishing and bring home a nice lot of fish. The joyful news was always hailed with delight when we were informed that we could go, for we anticipated with delight the pulling in of the big fish and the nice sail upon the big waters.

These fishing parties usually occurred soon as the farmers completed the planting of their crops in the spring and also again in the fall. They were looked upon as the farmers' gala days.

The neighbors, after consulting each other, would set the day to go a-fishing. Having secured a nice sailing boat convenient for carrying the persons wishing to go, and also the skipper, as he was called, who took upon himself the full charge of the boat for which he was paid the sum agreed upon for the round trip. Early in the morning we would sail directly out upon the sea, sometimes stopping at some favorable spot, where near some hidden ledge the finny tribe would congregate to secure their food from the myriads of mussels that are fastened to the rocky ledges in the depths of the sea. Previous to stopping the sails were lowered and the heavy anchor was dropped into the sea. The stout hook, well baited with mussels or clams, attached to

a stout line having for a sinker a leaden weight of from five to eight pounds, was let down until it touched the bottom of the ocean. It was then raised up about three feet and allowed to rest upon the fingers. Soon a signal of a bite would be felt; a quick jerk and a steady hand-over-hand pull and the big fish is brought over the side into the boat.

It is an exhilarating pastime when ten or a dozen of our neighbors each are pulling in the finny tribe of the deep. My first experience in this line was when I was eleven years old and I was fortunate in catching the largest fish of any of our party. It was just about as long as I was tall. I felt proud of my success, for I caught that day just as many fishes as I was years old. We put in only a portion of our time fishing, as we enjoyed sailing, and would frequently sail out from fifteen to twenty miles. We would always visit some island and enjoy the regular old fisherman's fish chowder.

Caught in a Storm on the Atlantic.

While yet in my youth, when we were engaged in one of our fishing trips, we met with a serious difficulty. We encountered one of those severe thunder storms that frequently occur along the New England coast. It was accompanied by a very heavy wind and terrific thunder and a regular downpour of rain. We landed on one of the islands, taking shelter in an old unoccupied building until nearly dark. The storm having abated and the anxiety of

the company to go to their homes being great, we concluded we had better start out. Our skipper, who was an old sea captain and a good seaman, said if the storm was no worse we would not have much difficulty in sailing our boat to the landing at Beverly, it being about six miles distant, but the wind being contrary to the course we wished to take, it would be necessary to "beat" our way in that direction, consequently it would be a much longer distance to get into port. Our company was composed of that "hoodoo" number, thirteen; nevertheless there were some grand good folks in the little crowd.

The ocean was very rough when we left the island. As we proceeded on our course the velocity of the wind increased and a fierce storm was upon us. The great waves rolled until they seemed mountains high and every wave threatened to swamp our little craft. The lightning glimmered in all its beautiful grandeur and the deafening peals of thunder seemed to add horror to the frightful scene. The most of our company were lying flat upon the bottom of the boat holding on to whatever they could grasp. Some were praying, some were groaning, some were crying and all were doing a wonderful lot of thinking. As we lay there and looked up to see the high walls of water on each side of us, it seemed as though these great waves were destined to deluge our boat. Just then, as the lightning flashed, I caught a glimpse of my father's face. He

was in the stern of the boat and had hold of the helm, sitting there as pleasantly as if he were sitting by his fireside in the old arm chair. My father was a good man; he had put his trust in the Lord, and no doubt had asked his Heavenly Father for our protection. I put the utmost confidence in him and when I saw him sitting there without a sign of fear, I banished the thought that we were to be lost. When I looked into his face the fear for our safety had vanished, for father had the helm and I believed he would take us safely to the shore. Would that we could all confide in our Heavenly Father with as much reliance as we have in an earthly parent.

The old sea captain, upon the approach of the storm, gave father the helm while he gave his attention to the sails. After a while the storm abated and our little craft bore us safely in toward the shore where we arrived at a late hour. Friends were there to meet us with a warm reception, expecting that the severe storm had caused the great waves to swamp our little boat and we were all lost in the sea. They were really pleased to meet us and surprised to see the nice lot of fish we brought home. The old sea captain said with his many years of sailing this was one time he thought we would all go to Davy Jones' Locker. The thirteen all arrived home in safety, but several of them said it was the last time they wished or even intended to have another similar experience.

After an elapse of some forty years, it was our pleasure to visit again the old neighborhood and we found that of the thirteen who composed this eventful fishing party only one besides myself was then living.

Cape Ann.

Along the coast a few miles from the village of Rockport is what is known as Cape Ann. All along this coast it is bounded with irregular ledges of granite rock. Some of these are scattered over the surface adjacent in such numbers that a pedestrian must walk on their surface if he wishes to travel in that vicinity. Some are extremely rough and irregular, extending out their rough and high points along the edge of the ocean, while others present a bold front and more regular surface that rises high above its surroundings that present to it a wild and romantic scenery. Standing upon one of these promontories there is in full view with its many attractions the different ships and vessels as they are constantly passing, showing the different flags and the various nations of the world. As we gaze upon the dashing waves, sending up the foamy waters and listen to the breakers and dashing waves as they force themselves against the rock-bound coast, it produces a sense of awe and grandeur.

On a level plain that was strewn thickly with large rocks that seemed as if they might have dropped down upon the ground, covering it thickly,

was one that weighed from fifteen to twenty tons that was evenly balanced between two other rocks; a child, or even the wind, could move it back and forth some two inches. This was called the balancing rock and a singular freak of nature.

The stone quarries near here at the time of our visit furnished employment to a large number of men, getting out different patterns from the granite rock that was sent away to other ports. While there we saw two large pillars, twenty-five feet in length, five feet at their base, three and a half at the top. These were grooved from top to base, and the sum of \$3,000 each would be received on delivery to the city of Philadelphia. Other designs furnished employment to the many workmen employed at this place.

The Devil's Tracks and Den.

While traveling in from the shore we find more of Nature's curiosities. The surface is much broken, covered with broken ledges of rock, some of immense size, some presenting a very rough and uneven surface, others have a large, somewhat smooth exterior. Across the surface of one of these are plainly visible three distinct tracks of a very large human shaped foot that have the appearance of being made when the rock was in a soft condition like mud. The tracks are about three feet apart, leaving a good imitation of some large person walking across the surface when the rock was soft. These

tracks always went by the name of the Devil's Tracks.

A short distance from the latter place was a huge ledge of rock extending upward. Against this large rock was a large flat one leaning against it, making a cave in which a party of us once took shelter during a storm. This cave, with all its peculiarities and attractions, was given the name Devils' Den.

CHAPTER IX.

Visiting in the Vicinity of Old Home.

Leaving the seacoast in the vicinity of Mingoos Beach we pass through Mackerel Cove, Annisquam, and Montserrat, and next arrive at Wenham Neck, where we saw the old school house where we had spent many pleasant hours attending school. Memories of the bygone days come vividly to mind as we stopped in front of the old familiar farm houses and were kindly greeted by strange faces instead of the welcome reception by old friends. A generation had passed and gone to the great beyond. Occasionally one would be found, but the greater portion were absent from their old home and only a very few of my old acquaintances could be found. All the neighbors who were heads of families had passed away. Certainly it did not appear natural as we approached their homes to be met by those who were strangers to us.

The Myopia Club.

A short distance from my old home was a nice farm that was owned and farmed by a man who was president of the Essex County Agricultural Society for quite a number of years. He seemed to be foremost in promoting the interests of that society, being college bred and a good worker for the cause; but like the most of the other old settlers, Father

Time had overtaken him and he had passed away.

After his death the farm was sold and passed to other hands. It was purchased by a company known as the Myopia Club. This was composed of young men from the neighboring cities, principally sons of millionaires or the very rich class of people. They remodeled the old farm house, turning it into a grand mansion or hotel. New barns were built and old ones remodeled. The broad acres were stocked with sixty horses and sixty dogs. Many of these were imported, being of the old English hunting stock. Six men were busily engaged in taking charge of the horses and two having the care of the dogs. The horses were in training each day and being taught to jump fences with riders on their backs. The dogs were taken from their quarters for exercise, one attendant in advance on horseback and the other in the rear with a long whip. They sometimes were taken many miles to get to the starting point that the company had previously agreed upon where they were to have the next hunt.

When they first started their hunting they let loose a lively fox and one-half of the hounds were put on the trail. These were immediately followed by the mounted riders, oftentimes accompanied by the ladies. The fox would go over walls and fences. Here the jumping qualities of the horses were put to a severe test, as the fox would sometimes get several miles from their starting point and go

through the fields of grain or other crops. The horses were supposed to keep near the hounds. As a result oftentimes the crops were greatly injured if not hopelessly destroyed. In order to make this matter all satisfactory with the owners of the grounds a man followed with a purse of money and immediately pays all damages to the satisfaction of the parties. Some who would not take any damages, their names were taken and an invitation given to attend the next hunt and enjoy the banquet that was given after the game was captured.

This banquet was composed of all the rare delicacies of the season that could be procured and a good supply of wines and liquors were also included. The person receiving the invitation was supplied with a riding horse and all the equipment necessary to enjoy the hunt and the banquet with the invigorators thrown in. We learned that some of the old farmers enjoyed it so well they would get real happy on these occasions.

After the first set of hounds were fatigued the next relay was put on when the poor, tired fox was soon captured, after which the festivities commenced. The fox sometimes ran so far that another plan was used. A horse and rider would start out dragging over the ground a bag filled with fox-scent attached to a long rope. The hounds would readily follow this. Thus a favorable route could be picked out, as they knew where the hunt would

terminate and seemed more favorable in promoting their amusement.

The Polo Game and Shirt Race.

There were several other games that were played here for exercise and amusement, among them was the polo game. This game was played on their grounds near the depot that they purchased at an excessive price and fitted for their favorite game. Whenever a hunt or a game of any kind was to come off it was previously advertised in the papers and the public invited to attend. Thus large crowds were usually in attendance and esteemed it a pleasure to witness these exciting games. The polo game was played on horseback. Each rider was furnished with a long-handled mallet and similar to the football game, one side would work lustily against the other and required expert horsemanship to carry out their designs when the riders from the different sides were making a grand rush to hit the ball a crack, to send it favorable to their side.

Another exciting game was what was called the shirt race that always carried with it the applause of the multitude. A row of horsemen might be seen in line just inside the stone fence of a few acre field, while on the opposite side would be standing a row of young ladies each with a nice laundered shirt. The game was the one that would ride across the field, take the shirt from the hand of the young lady, put it on and button it, and get

back to the starting point first, where they all started at the same time, was declared the winner of the prize. The prize was a nice gold watch, a purse of \$100, or something similar. This was a very exciting race and created a fund of merriment.

Visiting the Old Home.

Back again to the house where I was born. What a wonderful change time had wrought during the thirty-one years of my absence. Many of the old trees were gone, others had grown into large trees. The buildings had changed and a strange face met me at the door. I was welcomed into the old sitting room, but no mother was there, no father was there, no sister, no brother, for they had all gone. I was ushered into the parlor chamber when the thought of the scene of many years before occurred to me, for here was where I was summoned when seven years of age to appear at her bedside, and well do I remember as she took my little hand in hers, and placing the other upon my head, she commended me to the allwise Being who governs all, pleading for His care and protection and requesting that I so live that I would "meet her in heaven." These were the parting words of my mother. I cried myself to sleep that night when told that mother would soon die. The next day my mother was dead, but her last request has never been forgotten and my desire is to see that it is fulfilled. Though many

years have flown, it is fresh in my memory yet.

I visited the places where we spent so many pleasant hours with sister and brother, out in the orchard where we hurried to get to our favorite tree, in the meadow as we gleefully gathered the berries along the wall, over in the woodland where we gathered the nuts and hunted the squirrels, in the pond where we waded to get the sweet-scented lilies, and gather the flowers along the hillside and by the side of the little river where we spent so many pleasant hours fishing or bathing in the crystal stream. With feelings of sadness we looked back upon the shadowy scene and note the loved ones as we accompanied them to church, at school and around the pleasant fireside, with their faces all gleaming with joy and gladness, but who now are numbered among the past. It is through the tender mercies of a kind Providence that I, as a remnant of a once happy family, am spared to tell the tale and keep alive the memories of those we loved.

Visit to the Cemetery.

After perambulating around over a large portion of the old farm we went down the hill, crossed the meadow and the beautiful little river that was associated with so many pleasant memories from early childhood that now seemed almost like a dream of the past. We then ascended the hillside through the timber, crossed the level plain and here entered the "City of the Dead." But what a change had taken

place since I had left. A generation had passed away and were resting in this cemetery. Here we gazed upon the names of our old neighbors and friends that we had so often met and with whom we were so intimately acquainted. They were now resting in company with our dear and loving friends. After wandering around looking at the tombstones of the departed ones, I became wearied and stretched myself on the grass in front of my parents' graves, and memories of the past flitted up through my mind. I thought of father, mother, sister and brother and the many friends and associates who were now lying all around me, and the thought occurs: Why am I spared? The answer came: Your mission in life is not filled.

Nearby stood a tombstone upon which the following epitaph was written:

"As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so you must be.
Prepare for Death and follow me."

This grand old man had passed away but he had left a pleasant memory, one that will be cherished and kept in remembrance long after he had bid adieu and ceased to be an actor in the busy scenes of life. While we were still musing on the things of the past and hardly realizing that life and death were in such close proximity, a loud voice was heard calling me. The friend where I was stopping sent his hired man and team to take me to his home. When we passed along the highway that I had so often traveled we were greeted with

strange faces instead of the familiar ones of our boyhood days.

I thought of the many acquaintances and friends that had passed away with the thought of another inscription I noticed on another tombstone that read thus: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." I thought of the best citizens among the residents where we had made our home and those who had been held up as a good example for any young person to follow. I could consider it in no other light than in the belief that the ones that had died in the Lord, who had put their trust in Him and accepted Him as their guide and Saviour were altogether the best citizens, the best neighbors, the best friends, and the most joyous and happy people that inhabit our land.

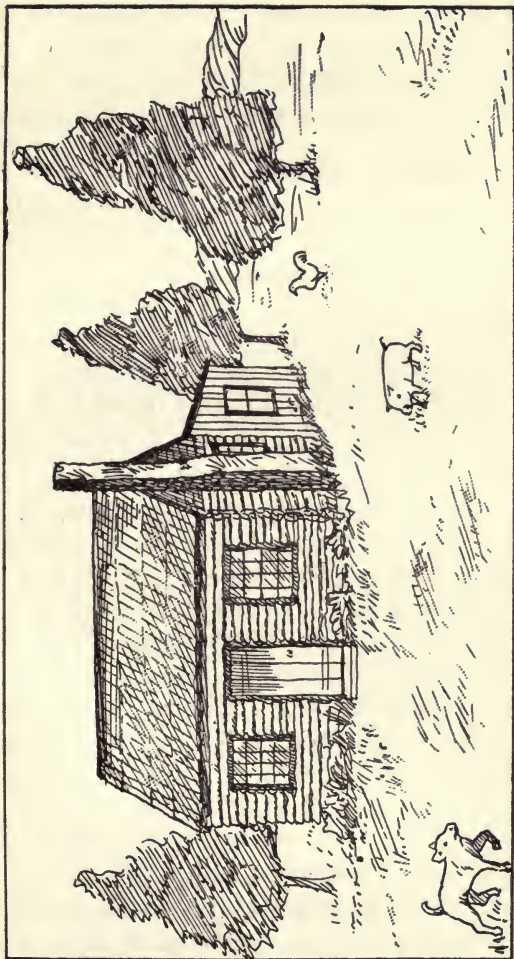
Visit My Native Town Wenham.

The next day we made a visit to the village of Wenham near where I was born. There had been a noted change since we had left. Many of the old trees had been removed, buildings were gone.

The old church that had stood for half a century was still presenting a cheerful aspect. I was interested in this for I had helped raise it, and it was where we used to attend church. It was raised in the old fashioned way. The whole side went up at one time. A large rope and tackle block were used, the big oxen attached to the rope and the boys were ordered to "take hold behind the oxen

and pull." The oxen pulled and the boys pulled and the great heavy side of the building kept going up until the great posts entered the mortices in the sill, when the whole side was up to its place. The old fashioned raising was rather a pleasant affair for usually the whole neighborhood were invited, and were furnished with a good substantial dinner. The boys used to like to go and see the great buildings go up whenever their parents would permit, though the dinner was the most interesting part to them. There were about fifty boys that pulled on the rope behind the oxen when this church was raised.

We noticed many changes in the roads and buildings and the street cars were running along the wagon road that leads to the city. Near this village is a nice little lake of excellent water. This lake is quite an attraction and a very favorite resort for the tourist wishing to view the beautiful scenery and see the beautiful mansions and homes that are erected along its borders. We recall many scenes that occurred while we in our boyhood days gathered here with our companions and spent the pleasant hours in hunting, fishing and bathing and enjoying the fascinating sports incident to a young and joyous life. The water from this lake is now used to supply two cities some five or six miles away. And the joyous sports that we so much enjoyed while a boy have all been side tracked, so the little boy of today has to seek other surroundings for enjoyment.



PIONEER HOME IN WASHINGTON.

CHAPTER X.

Eastern Washington.

After residing about twenty-four years in the State of Iowa, we moved to Eastern Washington in the spring of 1902. We found a vast tract of uncultivated land in Adams County. This land is largely covered with sage brush and having a very fertile soil, after it is broken up and cultivated properly produces good crops of various kinds, wheat being the prevailing crop raised here. This often produces bountifully and is relied upon as a source of much profit.

Where the vast plains of sagebrush existed upon our first arrival there, it has since largely disappeared, being replaced with nice cultivated fields and dotted over with the humble homes of the homesteaders who have taken advantage of the generosity of our good old "Uncle Sam" in order to procure a home. Although they have to endure the inconveniences and privations of pioneer life that are oftentimes very tedious and almost unbearable, they are blessed with the consoling thought that they have a free and unencumbered home as the result of their persevering industry.

Many are the poor men that have improved these lands that are now in comfortable circumstances and are thinking of retiring to a pleasant home on "Easy Street." When the lands become culti-

vated and happy homes abound, beautiful towns spring up and it soon seems like an old settled country; and one grand thing predominates, the people are joyous and happy.

Shooting Spring and the Broncho.

About nine miles from where we took up our homestead is situated a fine large spring known as Shooting Spring, though on the map it is called Dead Horse Spring. While the Government troops were in pursuit of the Indians who arrived at the spring first, the Indians, knowing that there was no other water near and that the command would be required to have water, they proposed to delay the troops in pursuit by slaughtering several of their old horses and leaving them in the spring and contaminating the water with their blood. It became necessary to clean the water from the spring before their stock could be watered. While this delay was made the Indians took the advantage of making their escape to the mountains.

This spring was largely used by the settlers and was also a fine retreat for the thirsty wild or range horses that for many years have been so numerous. The rearing of these range horses proved to be a very profitable business to some of the early settlers, as their pasturage was free both summer and winter. They were branded and turned out to roam as they pleased.

A general round up of the stock belonging to the different parties occurred about twice a year. At

this time the famous cowboys had an opportunity to put in their experience. They would start out forming a circle around many miles of country and drive in all the horses that could be found running on the range. Frequently at one of these round-ups would be gathered in several thousand head of horses and colts. These were placed in a strong corral and such as were ready for the market were caught and haltered and fastened to a stout fence and allowed to remain about twenty-four hours. After this treatment they were careful about pulling at the halter and one of the first steps toward being broken was already acquired. These horses are nearly all caught with a lasso. An adept with a rope can catch with ease any horse he chooses from a large herd. After being caught they are thrown upon the ground and haltered or bridled. When they get up they are saddled and much fun is often produced in seeing the cowboy and the bucking broncho giving his first experience in carrying a rider. The colts are caught and branded and all others not wanted are turned out and they wander away in little droves, not being molested until the next round-up. They generally keep in good condition and make a very hardy serviceable animal of wonderful endurance.

The tide of emigration that is ever pouring into this country has nearly spoiled the range and it is now fast becoming a thing of the past. The improved breeds of horses are largely introduced. That is a grand step toward the improvement of

horses, and present indications are that the real broncho will soon be classed among the old fashioned things of the past.

Dead Man's Lake.

In a northwesterly direction some ten miles from where we took our homestead is a succession of lakes. During a very wet or rainy season they are so arranged that the whole five of them seem to be in one continuous lake or nearly so. They vary in size from one or two acres to several acres. They have an irregular wall of stone a large portion of the way around them. Some of these cliffs are hundreds of feet in height, forming a stupendous wall extending along by the side of these lakes. From the top of one of these cliffs the land extends back quite a distance, forming a nice plateau of level land extending back into the interior.

Several years ago a man was out hunting for stock and was late in returning to camp. In the darkness he is supposed to have lost his way, and the animal he was riding, it is said, was defective in sight, for he rode fearlessly across the level prairie until he reached the steep cliffs, when he made the desperate plunge, nearly 200 feet, upon the rocks below, instantly blotting out the lives of both animal and rider. A rough stone monument is erected on the spot where this fearful leap was made and this sad tragedy occurred.

In the dry season the water settles away into the different diminutive lakes or ponds, making a



A FATAL PLUNGE.

favorite haunt for the water fowl that are often found here in large numbers.

Prosperous Towns of Adams County.

In this part of the state the climate is quite different from Western Washington. The climate is varied by means of the Cascade Mountains that shelters the adjoining country; also the cold winds that traverse the plains or the level land of the West by the Saddle Mountains.

The people are generally prosperous and the country is settled with a thriving industrious set of good natured people, while the spirit of progression can be noticed on every hand. The bountiful crops under the care of the industrious farmer have paved the way to prosperity that ever awaits the persevering and industrious tiller of the soil.

Every little distance nice towns have sprung up along the line of the railroads. Othello, the division station on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road that runs through this region, promises to be a town of some note. Hatton, Cunningham, Lind, Paha and Ritzville are nice thrifty towns on the Northern Pacific and are fast progressing toward large cities. Lind has the advantage of being situated on both of the above roads and has a bright and prosperous future, that is foreseen by the business men and is rapidly improving, and is destined to be one of the finest, most prosperous, wide awake cities of the West. The enormous quantity of wheat sold here,

and its public schools forms the foundation for its future prosperity.

Mirage and Mountain Sunset.

The scenery of the Western plains is oftentimes beautiful. The far distant objects are plainly seen for many miles in the clear atmosphere. Another curiosity is frequently seen in the early morning, the time mirages usually appear. There may be seen pictures of beautiful lakes skirted with their surroundings, sometimes towns and houses of the settlers are pictured upon the sky. Buildings that are hidden from view generally, at the time of the mirage, are plainly visible and appear three times their usual height.

But the beautiful sunset should not be overlooked. The sun is casting its slanting rays across the surrounding landscape. The mountain seems aglow with its radiance. Soon the scene changes, a dark and gloomy aspect is pervading the base of the mountain and the scene is fast being transformed from light to darkness as the shadows gradually creep toward the mountain peak. The foothills with their belt of evergreens are fast disappearing and the deep fissures in the mountain's side are now forming images of huge giants, lions, bears, deer, all the four-footed beasts of the forest seem to be clustered around to help produce variety in the scene, yet far above the ice and the snow still glitters in the sunshine. All Nature is retiring, darkness is now setting over the mountain top, but

the peak still lingers, standing out boldly against the crimson sky. The last rays of the setting sun are just leaving. The variegated colors of the mountain peak are vanished and all are enshrouded in a thick veil of darkness. Night is now upon us and amid the silence and stillness the world seems to be wrapt in slumber, only to be aroused by the hoot of the owl or the howl of the wolf who take advantage of the darkness to secure their prey.

Western Washington.

In journeying toward the Western coast many objects of interest are observed. The thrifty farmers with their fine herds of cattle and horses and their pleasant surroundings of nice cozy dwellings and barns and situated near the beautiful orchard laden with fruit, are among the attractive features of the observer. Nice thrifty towns are passed with a busy people all on the alert, trying to catch the other dollar that they haven't got.

As we approach nearer to the Cascade Mountains beautiful hay farms are passed as the product here seems to be enormous. There is also a larger supply of timber as we progress up the mountain road which winds along by the side of the stream that is making a rapid descent toward us, until we reach the divide or top of the mountain range, when the water courses down in the opposite direction. Large bodies of timber exist, much of which is seriously damaged by fire. The Hot Springs are located in the mountains where is

erected a sanitarium for the treatment of invalids. Passing down the mountain grade we come to nice towns where are erected the great sawmills that are converting the numerous logs into lumber. We pass through several fine towns before we reach the City of Seattle.

CHAPTER XI.

Seattle.

Seattle may well be styled the New York of the Pacific Coast. Situated on the Sound, furnishing a grand outlet for the large steamers and vessels which carry their products of the different nations to all parts of the world, furnishing one of the grandest harbors and numbered among the greatest trading points of the whole continent.

Seattle at the present time contains about 290,000 inhabitants, has 61 public schools, more than 37,000 children of school age, 125 churches. Its 42-story building is a wonder to all observers. Seattle has 75 newspapers, employs 25,000 persons in its manufacturing establishments. It has six railroads and 150 miles of electric railroads. It now covers an area of 94 square miles.

Seattle has a large line of ships plying between this point and the principal ports of the East and Europe; also a large line of steamers handling freight and passengers to the numerous other ports. The traffic in timber and lumber is enormous. A visit to the forests would convince anyone that the supply seemed practically inexhaustible.

The minerals are also great. The mines in which the Seattle mine owners are connected furnish a revenue of several million dollars annually. These

help make millionaires, of which the city boasts of having quite a large number.

Puget Sound.

There probably is nothing among the pleasant surroundings of the Northwest that is viewed with greater interest than the briny waters and the picturesque surroundings of Puget Sound. This is an inlet from the Pacific Ocean extending into the land for more than 150 miles. It has a very irregular shore line, being filled with many points and indentures that form a large number of bays and coves, making the total shore line of its waters extend to a distance of more than 1,500 miles.

The tide waters of this, the Inland Sea as it is often called, are ever rising and falling along its shores, generally rising from ten to fourteen feet and sometimes several feet higher. Along the banks have sprung up several nice and prosperous cities and towns that, together with the fine residences and beautiful homes that are so pleasantly situated along its shores, form the dwelling places of between 300,000 and 400,000 people.

There is a large number of islands lying here, dotting the landscape from the shores of this fine body of water. There are some forty of these that vary in size from a few acres to a nice large tract that furnish beautiful farms that are highly improved with many fine residences that overlook the Sound with all its attractions. The steamers, vessels,

boats and launches are ever sailing to and from the harbors that they wish to enter or leave. The comfortable homes that are so beautifully arranged along the shores often seem to vie with each other in their attractions. We view with wonder and delight the ever moving, rippling waves with the great ships passing and repassing, bringing before us a grand and unobstructed view of nature and art. The land is generally very fertile and produces largely of the various products adapted to this climate. In its natural state the land is mostly covered with a good growth of fir, pine and cedar trees that gradually disappear as the settler progresses in making a home.

Tacoma.

Taking the steamer at the wharf in Seattle we have a very pleasant trip to Tacoma. This is a nice, wide-awake city, and is largely interested in shipping, having an enormous trade in lumber and building material. Tacoma is situated near the terminus of the Sound and where its waters seem to flow farther into the interior of the state than at any other point. Like most of the large towns on this coast where we have visited it has an undulating surface. In traveling some of the walks we discovered we had to do some uphill business. The general aspect of the town is pleasant, it having very nice scenery and all kinds of business seemed to be thriving.

There are some very beautiful parks near this city. In making a visit to Point Defiance Park we were pleased to see the splendid array of the beautiful flowers that were cultivated here, especially the roses that were of so many rare varieties, and each kind seemed to vie with each other in producing the greatest attraction. The roses of this city, as we view them from the different parks and gardens, seem to surpass those of any other locality we have visited and are viewed with wonder and surprise as we behold the many magnificent colors and test the fragrance of the many different varieties and look with wonder and amazement upon the beauties of nature here revealed.

The Puget Sound Navy Yard.

Taking one of the steamers that leave the wharf at Seattle we take a very pleasant sail upon the Sound. In a short time we arrive at the landing a short distance from the Navy Yard. Here we see the great war vessels that are quietly lying alongside the wharf. At the time of our visit there were some seven or eight of these monster ships that were being refitted or repaired in some manner to make them more thoroughly fitted for the service for which they were intended. There is employed a large number of workmen engaged in making or repairing the various things needed for the keeping in good trim of this fleet of fighting ships that Uncle Sam is always supposed to have in readiness. When

we add to these the large number of officers and sailors that form the crews of these great war vessels and we have an assemblage of a large number of men that make the Navy Yard a lively place, abounding with bustle and activity.

It was our privilege while here to attend the laying of the corner-stone of the new Veterans' Home for the State of Washington. This is located near Port Orchard upon a beautiful eminence having a most magnificent view of the Sound with its many ships passing and repassing. The great fleet of war vessels that are floating in the bay, the prosperous towns of Bremerton, Manette, Charleston and Port Orchard, with mountains in view, altogether forming a grand and romantic scenery that can scarcely be equaled anywhere along the Sound.

Veterans' Home.

The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Washington Veterans' new home occurred April 6th, 1908. The old comrades were the real actors, having charge of the laying of the corner-stone of the building that is now the pride, comfort and happiness of the old comrades and their wives who wish to accept the generosity of a kind and liberal government. Governor Albert E. Mead was present and made a fine speech that was heartily received, especially by the old comrades. Rear Admiral Burwell, commandant of the Navy Yard, also congratulated the old soldiers that they were to have a pleasant home where they could rest in honored

retirement from the busy cares of life and view with pleasure the surroundings of their new home and its many attractions.

It is a pleasure to behold the snow-capped mountains in the distance, the irregular shore line of the Sound skirted with the beautiful evergreens that seem to overlook the whole scene, while in the distance may be seen the great naval fleet proudly resting upon the waters near the fine towns of Bremerton, Charleston, Port Orchard and Manette. Surely the viewpoint from the Washington Veterans' Home presents many attractive features that can hardly be equaled at any place along the Sound and certainly is truly appreciated not only by the old soldiers themselves, but all their friends who have a deep interest in their welfare.

Since the first buildings were occupied by members of the Home quite extensive improvements have been made by the addition of several large and substantial buildings that are now occupied by members of the Home and their wives. There are at present over 500 members, about 70 being their wives.

The hospital is a fine building fitted and furnished with the latest improved facilities for the treatment of the afflicted ones. This department, in the care of Dr. Carson, is handled with credit to him and his professional trained nurses and attendants, who do their best to alleviate suffering and distress of those under their care.

The electric plant furnishes the power to run the bread mixer, the vegetable peeler, dish washer and all the lights for the different buildings and grounds about them.

The water supply is one grand feature of this institution, furnishing an abundant supply for all needed uses. The source of this is from several springs about a mile away. The water, being piped from its elevated position, comes with sufficient force to supply the highest rooms in any of the buildings. The ice plant supplies the Home with ice when needed. Colonel Wiscomb and his estimable wife seem to do all in their power to make things agreeable and pleasant for all members of the Home who dwell together as one large, happy family.

THE LITTLE CHURCH UPON THE SOUND (Near Veterans Home)

Near tide waters at the Sound
Is where the little Church is found.
Here we meet on God's Holy Day,
And hear what the preacher has to say;
And kindly greet and sing and pray;
That helps to lead us on our Heavenly way.
For God's Love is great and surely found
Right at the little Church upon the Sound.

When all time with us shall be no more,
And we are landed on the other shore,
May we meet the friends who have passed along,
And our lot be to meet with the happy throng,
Grandly marching on the Heavenly way,
Where all is grand, bright, eternal day;
And may the Heavenly Chorus there resound,
Joined by the little Church upon the Sound.

CHAPTER XII.

Moclips on the Pacific Coast.

Leaving Olympia, the capital city, we took the train for the coast, where we had a good view of the real ocean. We were raised near the Atlantic and ever had a strong desire to see the Pacific. A large portion of the route lay through the dense forests. The surface of the country seemed quite level and the soil very moist and rich. In some localities nice farms were already under a good state of cultivation with fine dwellings and other good improvements, with occasionally a sawmill that was busy converting the large trees into lumber—that seeming to be quite a large industry.

As we neared the coast the forest became more dense, the trees being larger, exhibiting the most productive area of timber land known on the continent. This state claims to have the most timber. This was certified to after a bet between two men—a California man and a Washington man, and settled by disinterested timber cruisers, they having decided that the Washington timber scaled considerably more to the quarter section than did the timber of California. The California trees were larger but the Washington trees were much more numerous on the ground.

A short distance before reaching the coast on the Northern Pacific Railway we noticed this timber

claimed to be the heaviest of any portion of the United States. Moclips is a new town started on the coast of the Pacific. It is at present a town of much importance, it having such a splendid view of the great ocean and situated as it is right upon its banks. Moclips is where the Northern Pacific Railway terminates, it being the farthest west of any railroad town in the United States and is readily reached by rail without transfer, this making it very convenient and highly favorable as a summer resort. The depot is situated within 300 feet of the ocean beach. It has a fine large hotel that is 280 feet in length. The proprietor claimed this to be the largest hotel in Washington, containing 270 outside rooms overlooking the ocean. It is situated 160 feet from the Northern Pacific depot and twelve feet from the Pacific Ocean, making it a very delightful and pleasant resort.

I was reared in Massachusetts near the Atlantic sea coast and had a strong desire to see the Pacific Ocean. We felt truly thankful when that desire was gratified and we could gaze upon the ever restless waters of the great ocean. Unlike the rocky coast of the Atlantic, its shores are earth and sand. The great waves are ever rolling in, ever beating upon the shore until it is firm and smooth and solid as the best of roads, forming an ideal track for driving after the tide had left it. It is a favorite place for the automobile and bicycle, as the surface has no impediments for thirty miles along the shore.

While there a furious storm arose and we had the pleasure of seeing the old Pacific when excited. It was a grand sight to see the great waves break upon the shores. The foaming waves resemble huge snow banks on the move as they break upon the sandy shore; they compact and level the surface, leaving it hard and smooth. Moonstones, agates and other stones and an abundance of clams and crabs are found here. We did not find the sea shells as plentiful here as on the Atlantic coast, but some were different from any we had ever seen before. It is an attractive place to spend a vacation and we predict for it a brilliant future.

AXIOMS—FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Gratitude, the fairest flower that blooms along life's pathway.

Cheerfulness brings the sunshine of life.

A laughing heart and a smiling face each day
Scatters sunshine all along the way.

To be happy, try to make everyone around you so.

Everyone who contributes to the real good of the world
leaves behind them a true monument.

Fault finding is the wrong way to happiness.

A contented mind is a continual feast.

Profanity is unfashionable, unmannerly and a useless,
debasement, wicked and sinful practice. Why use it?

Stolen sweets have a sting.

The way of the transgressor is hard.

The tidal wave of sin takes many an innocent in.

"Godliness with contentment is great gain."

We build our own monuments while living.

"Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."

Look not backward for the dark and gloomy shadows of the past, but forward toward the glorious sunlight of God's love.

Hope on, hope ever to the end
Have Christ the Savior for your friend.

If you would live to be old,
Do not get the blues, or scold.

Happiness is not bought, but manufactured.

The kind, truthful, obedient girl or boy,
Is surely Father's pride and Mother's joy.

Is it really so that Pride and Fashion cost us more than Food and Raiment?

Do not chase after happiness; use the right kind of bait and it will follow us and we can catch it.

As one soweth so shall he reap. Do not sow wild oats expecting to reap a crop of happiness. The harvest will be sorrow and misery. There are plenty of unhappy living witnesses to this fact.

Disappointments may come and sorrows may fall,
If happy in Jesus you may drown them all.

Memories of childhood days are the sweetest in memory's storehouse.

"Oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of the voice that is still."

Beauty is as Beauty does. Act well and you will appear well.

The path of duty leads to a glorious day,
That ever sends us merrily on our way.

To have a contented mind and cheerful heart each day,
Have Christ right with us all along the way.

Godliness and Righteousness is a team that will draw
a large load of Happiness.

Why is it that Indians, negroes and dudes are so fond
of jewelry?

One diamond in the soul is worth a dozen on the ring
or pin.

The cost of Fashion often undermines the foundation
of Love.

Look pleasant. A smile will drive away dull care and
scatter sunshine all around you.

The singing girl and whistling boy
Help to fill the home with joy.

The very best wishes of a wife
Is to lead a joyous, happy life;
The best wishes of her man
Is to please her if he can.
If you succeed, it will be so,
If you should not, your cake is dough.

Most men's prosperity and happiness in their lives
Is largely attained through the influence of their wives.

Christianity is the base upon which rests the civiliza-
tion, prosperity and happiness of the whole world.

Our greatest worries are about the things that never
occur.

The misdirected efforts of early life will show their
results when you get older.

A Visit to Alberta Country.

Taking the International railway train we proceeded in a northeasterly direction toward the famous Alberta country. We view the attractions as we proceed onward. Nature's handiwork is shown on every hand. The woods, the lakes, the streams, the rocks and mountains seem to vie with the industry of man in making the beautiful homes by turning the virgin soil into nice cultivated fields, producing grain, fruits and vegetables and ornamenting the once wild regions with fine attractive homes.

As we proceed onward we find the rocks, the hills and rocky gorges interspersed with mills and mines that are an important factor in this country. We pass the famous mountain, Mt. Franc, where a portion of the great mountain slid down and buried quite a portion of the town with 200 of its inhabitants some 200 feet beneath the surface, where the railroad track is now built.

An agent from the International office seemed quite inquisitive, wishing to know where I was from, where I was going, where I was born, how old I was, how much money I had, and several other questions.

As we proceed onward we pass many homesteaders' claims with their humble, cozy dwellings and cultivated fields. When we reached Macleod we took a branch road to Claresholm. The land lays nice and level, some gravel in spots. In the interior a deep black soil that produced abundantly and a

thrifty class of people who were satisfied with their homes they had secured in this beautiful Alberta country.

Veterans Home.

Near Port Orchard on the banks of the Sound,
Is where the Old Veterans Home is found.
For here we have a most splendid view,
Where floats the Banner Red, White and Blue.
It's here they meet and talk and chat and make a noise,
And some trying their very best to act like boys.
But they all seem quite different now, you know,
From what they really did some fifty years ago.
For Old Father Time, exposure, shot and shell,
Have fixed many so they are far from being well.
Many are thus tortured with ever constant pain,
And can scarcely navigate without the crutch or cane.
Some have their good wives with them, and lead a joyous
life,
For happy is he who has the true and loving wife.
The whistle blows, the girls and boys, stout, slim, short
and tall,
Are now all wending their way toward the Dining Hall.
It is here we meet, the commander gives his views,
And often relates to us some very pleasant news.
We are really anxious also to take a look,
And test the nice samples furnished by the cook.
Another whistle blows, the doors are opened wide;
Soon we are seated at the table side by side.
The pretty waiter girls we think first rate,
For they bring something good for every plate.
We are too busy now for any more rhyme,
So we will delay it until another time.

Pneumonia Remedy.

In view of the prevalence and many deaths resulting from pneumonia, I append the following as an excellent remedy:

Take six to ten onions, according to size, chop **fine**, put in a small kettle or pan over the fire, then add about the same quantity of rye meal, and vinegar enough to

make a thick paste. Stir it until thoroughly heated. Then put in a cotton bag large enough to cover the chest and apply as hot as the patient can bear. When cool apply another, and thus continue by reheating the poultices. In a short time the patient will be out of danger. Usually a few applications will be sufficient, but continue until perspiration starts freely from the chest.

The above, though obtained as a sure remedy many years ago, was formulated by a New England physician who claimed he rarely lost a patient from this disease, but cured many after given up to die and their cases pronounced hopeless by other prominent physicians. We have tested this remedy several times and it has always brought immediate relief.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Chapter to the Young.

Before I bring these sketches of my travels from the Atlantic to the Pacific to a close I feel that I would like to give a few words to the young. I look back with pleasure to the days of my youth as I review the past at my home on the eastern coast where I first started out in life, memories of the familiar scenes in which we all took an active part. The old home with all its endearments comes vividly to memory. The friendly fireside where we spent so many happy hours in company with those we truly loved, for father and mother, sister and brother were in unison trying to make a happy home. It is a pleasing thought to me that we so well succeeded in doing so. Home should be the happiest place on earth, and it really is just what we make it.

And I would say to the young, be prudent, industrious, economical, and make it the rule of your life to make some one feel happy, if possible, every day. Acquire good habits for they are essential to your welfare and happiness. Evil habits bring sorrow, sickness, shame and death. Shun the pathway of sin with its blighting influences that lead you to a life of unhappiness. Surely virtue hath its own reward and leads the way toward earth's greatest boon, happiness, that is reciprocal and only comes to those who bring it.

In my opinion a young person starting out in life cannot invest in a more worthy calling or seek a better paying investment than in the good stock of Christianity or love to God in the heart, for in my experience it brings paying results for there is "joy and peace in believing," for we have the promise that our Heavenly Father will protect us and guide us safely into the haven of Eternal Rest. Let us secure that Hope that is "as an anchor to the soul," both sure and steadfast, and shape our course toward that Heavenly City, the New Jerusalem, where we may ever enjoy the presence of loved ones and secure admission to that haven of Eternal Rest where we have the promise of a grand reception awaiting us.

My advice and earnest desire is that you lead good, moral lives and love God and keep his commandments that we may obtain the precious reward that is promised to every true lover of the Lord. As you journey along through life you may expect trials, disappointments and difficulties, but surmount them all and

"Endeavor to carry sunshine everywhere you go,
And try to brighten some way, lives of those you know."

When the dark clouds of disappointment and sorrow arise, remember there is a silver lining caused by the glorious sunshine in the background and that every cloud has its silver lining. When disappointment, sorrow and grief comes, for it is allotted to all, let us be resigned to the unseen and hidden power

that governs all things and rely upon the precious promises that are given us, that "all things work together for good to them that love the Lord."

My earnest desire is that you do not treat lightly father's counsel or mother's advice. They are deeply interested in your welfare and will do their best toward shaping your course in the direction that will lead you on to a successful, prosperous and happy future. Let us ever strive to secure that precious reward that brings eternal joy, peace and happiness forever.

Wanted

A boy that's honest, pure and neat;
That will not lie, or steal, or cheat,
One that's polite, and kind, and true,—
That don't drink beer, or smoke or chew.

A boy that's active, steady, bright;
That will not fear to do what's right;
One that will work, do well his part;
That does not swear—has a good heart.

One thousand first-class places wait,
For boys whose future shall be great;
But they must have these points,—rely,
None others need for them apply.

Our public men are falling fast!
Their names MUST number in the past!
And very sad will be the case,
If we've no boys to fill their place.

—Capt. A. J. Smith.

Concluding Remarks.

In conclusion we can but take a backward look and see the surging billows of the broad Atlantic as they so furiously dash against the rockbound coast while with a searching glance spy out the many ships that are sailing to and fro along the coast, forming a beautiful view. Memory lingers in sadness as we bring to our mind those we truly loved in early childhood, but now have left and gone to their reward. Visions of friends and home come to mind as we think of the many endearments and the joyous pleasures we so highly enjoyed among neighbors and friends, schoolmates and our many associates. But the time came when it seemed best to bid adieu to friends and home, and take up our journey westward amid the tears of loving friends.

Since that day we have been drifting westward until we are near the western coast, near where the grand old Pacific sends in its dashing waves upon an earthbound coast. Here a great multitude of residents have assembled, coming from many different states, and are making for themselves new homes, being enticed by the mild and salubrious climate and the attractions of the Evergreen State. Here are living many of the old soldiers. A friendly greeting is given to all of the comrades. We note they are growing old, for since we stood shoulder to shoulder in the great conflict many have fallen, while the remainder are growing old, and are fast receding downward toward the sunset of life. Let us, as

citizens and soldiers, act well our part in life and so live that we may leave a record that will be an honor to our memory.

The endearing scenes of the past, as we note them by the aid of memory, form visions of joy and sadness. In life there is joy. In the future there is mystery. Let us plan for the future, so when the mystic tie is severed and we are summoned to cross the "dark river" may it be our lot to land upon that shining shore and enter that Heavenly City, the New Jerusalem, where we may enjoy the presence of loved ones, with Christ the Savior, throughout the endless ages of Eternity in Heaven.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Breaking Out of the Civil War.

Just before the breaking out of the Civil War we made a short stay at our old home in Massachusetts and were there when Fort Sumpter was fired upon and surrendered to the Confederate forces, and the first war cloud hung heavily over the nation. All were greatly excited now; for a certainty war had actually begun.

President Lincoln's first call for 75,000 men, to serve three months, was hailed with the utmost excitement. An earnest appeal was given to all able-bodied men who wished to enlist to do so. The fife and drum were heard. Meetings were held, orators procured to sound the war notes to induce persons to enlist. Recruiting offices were opened to take the names and swear in any and all who could pass the required examination and wished to show their patriotism by entering the service of their country and uphold the old flag.

The call for the first troops was heeded with unparalleled alertness and soon a regiment was sent on for the protection of Washington. Others soon followed; the Sixth regiment was assaulted and several killed while marching through Baltimore. With unabated interest others continued to enlist; farmers left their farms, merchants their stores, mechanics

their workshops, clerks dropped their calling, consequently a large number had assembled to answer the President's call. But there was a serious drawback toward forwarding them on to Washington. There was no officer willing to take charge of the troops. The experience of the Sixth regiment a few days before had dampened the ardor of the few officers who were qualified to take command of the troops, believing that the rebellious spirit of the citizens of Baltimore, they being so numerous, would annihilate the whole command, as they were very poorly armed.

While restlessly waiting in this dilemma, Benjamin Butler came to their relief, and in that determined style of his said, "I will take these men on to Washington." Accordingly, they started on what seemed to many a very perilous journey, leaving behind them a large company of friends who were deeply interested in their welfare, for they fully believed that many who were leaving would never return.

Butler's Journey to Washington.

They sped onward on their journey without any serious mishap until they arrived in the enemy's country, when something went wrong with the locomotive, so they could make but slow progress, traveling but a few miles an hour, the crew on the engine claiming that they could make no better headway.

General Butler, with his usual sagacity, believed there was something wrong with the crew that was

running the engine as well as the engine itself. So he resorted to this novel means to find out. He made the inquiry, wishing to know if there were any machinists among his soldiers; if so, "to line up in front." In compliance to this, quite a line of soldiers responded, some of them coming from the same shops where this same engine was made. A committee was chosen to examine it; they found that portions of it had been taken away and many of its parts were missing, but they were not long in repairing it so they could go over the road at the rate of forty miles an hour.

But the southerners seemed determined to prevent the arrival of troops for the protection of Washington; when one scheme failed they would try another. The train had not proceeded far when they were obliged to stop, for the track for a long distance had been torn up and many of the rails were carried away and hid, also all the telegraph wires had been cut so the communication had been entirely cut off. The soldiers were now set at work building railroad and searching for the hidden rails, some of which were a long distance away and caused considerable delay.

The Missing Rail.

After a long and tedious hunt, engaged in by thousands of men, the track was nearly replaced and ready for the continuance of the journey, all the rails being found with the exception of one.

The country was searched for a long distance on both sides of the railway but the missing rail could not be found. The soldiers were formed into a long skirmish line. By keeping a few feet apart they searched thoroughly the whole country near the line of the road. After a long and weary search they were rewarded by finding the missing rail some three-quarters of a mile away at the bottom of a small and muddy stream. The road was soon completed and the train proceeded on toward Washington.

Watching and Waiting.

During all this delay there was an exciting time among the friends at home. They were anxiously waiting to hear from their loved ones who had left them. Many weary hours passed as they patiently waited for the dispatch to come. There was an eager throng gathered around the telegraph station. Here were gathered fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, wives and sweethearts, who were patiently waiting to hear of loved ones. Day was turned into night and the rain was gently falling, but still they lingered. During this time Butler and his command was speeding on toward Washington and the telegraph was put in working order and the glad news soon came over the wire, "Butler has arrived and Washington is safe."

Returning West.

It now seemed evident that the war was going to be a larger one than most people expected. The

first call of 75,000 three months men was soon filled, my only brother enlisting with the first call for troops. But the war cloud still hung heavily over the nation and another call was soon made. During this time my father died and my interest seemed to be at our new home in Minnesota; accordingly we started again for the far West, again turning our faces toward the Pacific.

About this time there was an Indian outbreak among the Sioux Indians, they claiming to be the first settlers and having the right to own this country and use it as their own. It was to them the "Indians' Paradise," for it abounded with the wild animals common to this country. Here the buffalo roamed, the elk, the moose, the deer, the beaver, and otter with other wild animals and birds, made it their rich hunting ground. Here the wild rice grew in abundance around the lakes. This they gathered for their food; it also furnished food for the numerous flocks of geese and ducks that made their home there in the summer. The Government made a bargain with the Indians through its agents, giving them nearly two million dollars for their lands, paying them interest at the rate of five per cent. for fifty years, believing by that time they would become a civilized people.

Indian War In Minnesota.

From some cause there was a delay made in the payment as agreed upon and the Indians became impatient and restless from disappointment. See-

ing the white man continually trespassing upon his rich hunting ground and they not getting their rights as promised by the government, they would simply kill or drive every white man from the country and still retain their land as their own. After coming to that conclusion the bloody work commenced by making a stealthy, murderous attack upon the settlers. This they did by dividing into squads of three or four each, when they would visit the settler, pretending to be friendly, when they would unexpectedly strike down every member of the family and burn their dwellings and grain stacks, then proceed to the next neighbor and do likewise.

Thus the cruel war continued until more than a thousand of the early settlers near New Ulm were ruthlessly murdered. The country was devastated and laid waste, presenting a doleful state of things. Troops were sent to quell and capture these unruly beings. After a long and fatiguing chase in which many lost their lives, they were finally subdued and a large number were captured. From this number were selected what were supposed to be the most atrocious leaders. Thirty-nine were hanged at Mankato the 19th of December, 1862, following.

This outbreak of the Sioux, coming as it did in the midst of the Civil War, called for extra government troops to protect the frontier. After an exciting campaign of several months, the Indians were again brought under government control, where

they are trying to make themselves civilized citizens.

Another Call for Troops.

Another call for more troops was soon made as the fierce warfare still continued. Nearly all classes of business were nearly suspended, except that connected with the war. Men gathered in groups around the recruiting offices. The fife and drum were sending out their martial music, and the chief topic for discussion was "war." Able speakers gathered nightly at the halls and schoolhouses and delivered patriotic addresses, urging persons to enlist. The urgent appeals were readily responded to and recruiting was continually going on. Men left their business, their friends and homes and all that seemed dear to them and as it seemed, laid their lives upon the altar of liberty that the nation might remain an undivided and progressive and prosperous Nation as it is today.

At this time a gloom settled over the whole North as well as the South. We were almost daily receiving the news of some who had left us to go to the scene of warfare that they had been numbered among the fallen ones. It was about this time that another call for troops was made.

Old Abram spoke: "Three hundred thousand more," he said, "To swell the ranks and fill the places of the dead."

Enlistment in our vicinity at this time seemed to be all the rage and nearly all the able-bodied men were fulfilling the duties of army life.

Enlisting for Uncle Sam.

About this time when the nation seemed to be in its deepest gloom and calling so loudly for more men, that nearly all my neighbors with myself, concluded we would enlist to help put down the Rebellion. Those who knew themselves to be unfit for military duty did not try to enlist. It was a sorrowful gathering that appeared before the recruiting officer and put down their names to become soldiers. They well knew they would be taken from family, loved ones, friends and home, and would be obliged to take their chances among the cruel scenes of warfare, knowing that many would never return.

All those who applied for enlistment were ordered before a board of examining surgeons before whom they appeared in a perfectly nude condition. Here they were slapped, thumped and patted and after a thorough examination if defects were found they were dismissed as unfit for a soldier; if they were considered sound they were accepted as good material to send South. Their age, height and weight and birthplace, also the color of hair, eyes and complexion were carefully marked down. We were then taken to an adjoining room where we drew a suit of Uncle Sam's soldier blue and hurried away to the capital, St. Paul. Here we appeared before another examining board as before. But few were rejected in this examination.

We were then sworn into the service of the United States and were then subject to the will of

the army officers. To refuse to obey such, the penalty was death or any other penalty that might be imposed by court-martial.

To my readers who do not fully understand the meaning of the term, "court-martial," we will say it is similar to a jury in a civil case, the difference being this jury is composed of army officers and whatever decision they decide upon is considered military law.

We were now a full-fledged soldier and subject to the command of our superior officers. After going through our first lesson in military drill, we marched to the barracks at Fort Snelling and here commenced to initiate ourselves into some of the realities of the soldier's life. We now had to accustom ourselves to our new mode of living. Our bed was exchanged from the soft feather bed to the soft side of a pine board. We thought it wonderfully hard at first but afterward, while at the front and lying on the cold, muddy ground our earnest wish was to get a board to lie on. We also had to get accustomed to the army rations, hard-tack and pork being the leading feature and forming the most prominent part of the soldier's fare. This was a wonderful change from the well-supplied table laden with the good things prepared by the hands of those we dearly loved.

Start for the Front.

After a short stay at Fort Snelling, during which time we were daily practicing the army drill, and

learning the maneuvers of the soldier required in the active duties of real warfare, we received the order to go South and join our regiment that was then stationed at the front near Hatcher's Run, Va.

The day was announced when we were to leave for the South to participate in the realities of war. It is a day long to be remembered by every one present, for here were assembled the many friends of those who were going to leave. They came to bid them "good bye." Here were assembled fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, wives and another class that seemed nearer and dearer than any, was the sweethearts of those who were about to separate. As the tears rolled down their cheeks they bid each other "good bye." which to many was the last good-bye on earth, for they went away but returned not again.

On our journey South we made but a very few stops. Being supplied with rations when we left St. Paul, there was no particular need of stopping. The next day we halted once for dinner that was served in a nearby eating room. We were informed that all our belongings would be perfectly safe to be left in the car during our absence.

"Mine Bottle Tings."

There was a little short Dutchman that did not understand the English language very well. He knew the haversack was to carry the food in and the canteen to carry the drink in. So before leav-

ing St. Paul he got the canteen filled with whisky. While we were at dinner some sneakthieves taking advantage of our absence went through the car, appropriating whatever they wished to their own use. I was fortunate, only losing the straps of my knapsack. But "Shorty" was nearly struck dumb when he could not find his canteen of whisky. He says: "Mine Gott! some vun has got mine bottle tings." The canteen was called "bottle tings" for a long time afterward, and the little Dutchman was a mourner for quite a while.

Nothing of special note occurred as we sped on our way toward Washington. Pittsburg, with its many chimneys and smoky atmosphere was passed through and the soldier boys seemed ever to be welcome. Baltimore, where the warlike spirit of its mixed inhabitants had previously shown itself, was now calm and coolly taking in the situation, and resigned itself to law and order.

On the Potomac.

We soon were on board of a steamer and going down the Potomac River, having a fine view of the scenery along the banks of this noted river. We had a fine view of the great war vessels that were at Hampton Roads. Here was the little Monitor, resembling a cheese box on a raft, that made such wonderful execution in the battle with the ironclad warship the Merrimac. We passed the home of George Washington, the one whose name will never be forgotten. This humble mansion stands a short

distance from the river upon an elevation, the grounds gradually sloping toward the river which gave it with its picturesque surroundings a most beautiful landscape.

We next went on to Washington, where we made quite a stop in a large warehouse that was provided for us. We here took the opportunity to visit the Capitol building and its surroundings. The next day we went to City Point, where we made a short stay, after which we boarded a train of cars and started for the battle line directly at the front.

This railroad was known as the Military Road. The road was made in a hurry; they did not stop to dig or grade, but flat on the ground the track was laid. This was made that the supplies needed for the army were so much more easily and quickly handled than with the regular army baggage train. For a portion of the distance the ground was quite rolling and the grades were steep. It was with much difficulty that the engines pulled our train of flat cars loaded with soldiers up these steep grades. But the time we lost in going up was fully made up in going down, for the speed was enormous that the train might gain the top of the next hill.

After reaching the terminus of the road and leaving our train we formed in line and marched out into the wilderness. The shades of night had now fallen and it was quite dark. Our route lay through a partially wooded country interspersed with rocks, stumps, bushes and briars. After a

tedious march of several hours we arrived at our destination at a late hour.

We found the boys on the firing line behind a line of works that extended near where they were camped, while the Confederate works were a short distance in front of us. The buzz of the bullets were occasionally heard going over our heads. We were not allowed to build any fires, for they would show our location, but were privileged to rest, but must be ready at a moment's warning, for we might be attacked at any time during the night and our help would be needed to repel the attack. After spreading a blanket on the ground and using our knapsacks for a pillow the two of us were covered with another blanket. Thus we spent the first night at the front with the regiment.

A comrade wished to know where he could get a drink of water. "From my well," said an old comrade. "We do not have to dig over eighteen inches deep to find plenty of water here."

The weather was cold, and the ground was cold and very damp from recent rains. Several sleepless hours were spent gazing upward toward heaven's starry banner that seemed to protect us from all harm, but finally succumbed to nature's sweet restorer, sleep. At an early hour we awakened feeling very uncomfortable from the effects of the cold, having not yet got accustomed to our new mode of living.

CHAPTER XV.

Sketch of Army Life.

When we consider that nearly fifty years have elapsed since the close of that war the young people of today know but little of the life of the old soldier, only as they gather it from the often meager accounts given in history, or from the tongue or pen of those who were the real actors. We believe the latter have stored up in their minds the most interesting portions of that history, because they can give the details, as gathered from their experience. In this light we propose to write these few sketches of a portion of our army life while in Dixie. We will state that nearly all our notes taken in this campaign are lost, and we write as only memory dictates those occurrences and incidents as now come to our mind, and shall not fail to notice anything that may be of interest that we can at this time recall.

We were a member of the First Minnesota Infantry. This regiment was composed largely of the frontiersman of that state and were the rough, hardy pioneers of that, then, border state. It was composed largely of men skilled as hunters and trappers, and their knowledge of pioneer warfare especially adapted them to fulfill the hazardous duty of skirmishers, which they performed with such skill that they were usually ordered to discharge that

dangerous duty. Its company of sharpshooters were hardly equaled by any at the front.

It was in the latter part of March, and the Army of the Potomac was still lying in its winter quarters in, or near Hatcher's Run, Va., anxiously waiting for the opening of the next campaign. It need not be wondered at, that many of the soldiers had become attached to this, their abode for the last four months, and if it did not seem like home, it certainly often presented a homelike appearance, for in many cases they had built for themselves neat cabins, dug wells, made fireplaces and arranged many little conveniences, which went far to add to the comfort of the soldier at the front.

It was rumored we were soon to break camp and move, we could not tell where, for a soldier is supposed to know nothing in regard to his future movements, only to obey orders, unless the officers see fit to inform him. This rumor seemed to be verified when we were aroused a little past midnight with the order to "fall in" for several days' rations and also an additional forty rounds of cartridges to each soldier. From this time until daylight the whole encampment was astir—officers' houses were stripped of their canvas and their tents were taken down and were being loaded on the heavy army wagons, and it was evident we were soon to bid adieu to our present location and enter upon different scenes.

The Confederate army were strongly fortified only a short distance in our front. Some conjectured

we were to engage the enemy at once and endeavor to capture these works, while others, and probably the majority, thought we were going to form a junction with Sherman's army, that was several hundred miles away. Shortly after sunrise the troops lying back of us came marching down in solid column, passing near our encampment. This continued for some time, until in the distance as far as the eye could reach, could be seen the unbroken line of soldiers.

Soon the order came for us to fall in and help swell the crowd, which was moving to the left or southerly direction. The sun was now shining bright and the weather warm. It was evident the soldiers were expecting a long march, for they soon began to lighten their knapsacks, dispensing with whatever they could spare best, for they had accumulated through the kindness of friends and otherwise, many things that added to their comfort while in camp, but while marching in the hot sunshine day after day, would prove too much of a burden to carry, consequently the ground was literally strewn with blankets, overcoats and other articles of clothing that would encumber them on a long march.

We had marched but a few miles when we came to a sudden halt. We then formed in two lines of battle, changed our course and marched directly toward the enemy's works, the front line being several rods in advance of the rear. We now came

to a stand within less than a half mile of their breast-works and near a dense pine forest.

Skirmishers were now thrown out, while several pieces of artillery were placed on an eminence in our rear. The skirmishers' rifles reported that there was game in that thicket, but they soon became more quiet and an officer of a Michigan regiment rode out to reconnoiter. One of the enemy's sharpshooters in a tree soon spotted him and he was brought to the rear on a stretcher. Passing near the end of our regiment, he attracted attention by his dying groans and his life blood trickling through the canvas. "Never mind," says an officer, "it is nothing but a wounded man. There will be plenty of them in a few minutes!"

While we were still standing in line of battle near the beautiful timber, a peculiar clattering, roaring sound fell upon our ears. The Pioneer Corps, consisting of several thousand men, were engaged in cutting down the timber in front of us while others commenced bringing along this material and forming it into what we might call a tight fence. At the same time men with spades commenced digging a ditch on one side and throwing the dirt on the other. In a few minutes several acres of the timber in front of us had disappeared and we were supplied with a very efficient barrier against bullets, a good breast work between three and four feet in height.

We kept this position until near nightfall. During this time heavy firing was going on but a short distance at our left. Heavy clouds overshadowed

the sky and the weather had turned cold and had the appearance of a storm. Many of the boys wished they had retained some of the clothing they had thrown away. It was growing dark when we got an order to move forward directly toward the enemy's works. Quite a lively skirmish occurred between the two armies for a while, which, with the gathering darkness, gradually died away. Night had now overtaken us lying behind the works the Confederates had built for their own protection.

The enemy had now fallen back to another line of works, and doubtless, were carefully watching our movements. We were momentarily expecting an attack and everything was arranged accordingly. A heavy guard was placed along the line and we were to be ready for action at a moment's warning, holding our rifles in our hands, whether asleep or awake. We were not allowed to build fires or erect our tents. To add to our discomfort a disagreeable rainstorm that had been sprinkling us lightly, now commenced in earnest, which made our situation seem anything but agreeable. A large portion of our regiment were on guard during the night. Those who had the privilege of sleeping, crouched upon the ground wrapped in their blankets. Our condition may be imagined. Thick darkness all around us. We could perceive only those of our comrades nearest to us and occasionally hear their low tones in conversation above the pattering of the raindrops and their unpleasant sensations caused us generally to pass a nearly sleepless night. As may naturally be expected upon these occasions, as we wearied

away the tedious hours, the soldier's mind reverted back to more comfortable quarters, pleasant firesides and happy homes far away.

Morning at last dawned upon us. With considerable difficulty a fire was started and we took breakfast of hardtack and coffee, then quietly awaited orders. It was nearly the middle of the forenoon when the rain slackened and we received the order, "Forward march!" We all bounded over the works in front of us and marched toward the timber in our front. Each soldier re-capped his rifle, we then formed skirmish line and marched directly into the thick underbrush interspersed with thorns and briars, where we supposed a portion of the enemy were awaiting us. But we saw only a few Johnnies; these we surprised and they were taken prisoners.

We soon came to another line of fortifications which we found deserted, although their fires were still burning and other indications showed they had no desire to wait for us and left. A portion of the works extended over the top of a ridge, near a ravine, and overlooking Fort Rice, a strongly built and well fortified fort. The enemy had retreated within the fortifications and were perfecting every arrangement to receive us. We were soon joined by the main army and were stationed along the line of the works. They sent us a few solid shot from their cannon occasionally that tore through our barricade and over our heads and went crashing through the forest in our rear with but slight damage to our troops.

We remained here nearly all the balance of the day. Heavy firing was heard on our left toward the latter part of the day. We encamped near this spot on a field of plowed ground, or corn stubble, using the same precautions as on the night previous. The weather was so cold, we could not well sleep and were obliged to get up occasionally and exercise to keep warm.

On the Skirmish Line.

The next morning we started early changing our position to the left and formed in two lines of battle just out of range of the guns of the fort. A large open space lay in our front and adjacent to the fort. The booming of cannon and the roar of musketry on our left indicated that business had commenced. Nearer, heavy skirmishing was going on which threatened to extend along our whole line. Soon an orderly rode along our line with an order for the First Minnesota to form skirmish line and advance. This order was not received with a very favorable welcome by either officers or men, for our route lay across the large open space and directly in front of the enemy's guns at the fort.

We formed and started on the fast run, at the same time our artillery commenced vigorously throwing shot and shell at the fort. We were soon saluted by some shells that came howling down upon us like so many infuriated demons, threatening destruction all around them. These were carefully watched and when the order "Down" was given the whole command were flat upon the ground. Soon as they

passed, we again pursued our course, but were several times similarly interrupted before we reached the timber on the opposite side. Fortunately none of these shells exploded until they had passed us. They were so well directed that they clipped off the tops of some small pines but a few feet in height, as they passed over us. If we had been a few rods further from the fort, very likely this sketch would never have been written. As it was, there were but a few wounded. Comrade Hill with others were injured here and narrowly escaped death.

On Guard.

Our regiment was on guard again tonight, the line being formed through a thick body of timber. This was a foggy night and very dark. It was ascertained before midnight that we had formed our lines too far out, as they were only about half a mile from the enemy's camp. We changed them in order to give more range between the picket lines.

Early next morning a Johnny jumped up a few rods in our front, swung his hat and told us not to shoot. He said he heard our pickets talking during the night while he was coming toward our lines, so he laid down in a hollow in the ground within three rods of our vidette and stayed until light.

The enemy had departed under cover of the darkness and were putting in good time to increase the distance between us. They took advantage of every available object to deter our advance. Lines of works were thrown up upon the ridges during the night. Their rear guard stationed there were pro-

tected, while our troops were advancing without shelter. In thus advancing, very many of our men were slain, while behind each line of works were found more or less of the enemy's slain, from the shot and shell that was constantly, with but short intervals, being sent after the retreating forces. Sometimes, in endeavoring to surround these forces that were barricaded, we would march to the right and left. If we could cut off their retreat, they were made prisoners. Thus several thousands of them fell into our hands each day. We were often compelled to make hasty and circuitous marches and sometimes travel in all directions in order to accomplish our object.

The booming of cannon and the rattle of musketry was constantly heard from early morn until the light faded at night. Along our pathway could be seen the evidence of the destruction in this cruel warfare. Near the top of the ridge we see the field pieces of the rebel battery being spiked and unfit to use; also several wagons, some parts being broken and useless. Side by side lay the ghastly forms of the blue and the gray. Dead horses and mules are seen every few rods along our route.

A wounded officer is just being carried by his friends beneath a shade tree, where he is placed upon a blanket. Around him are lying several wounded soldiers, all sweltering in their blood. Their groans are heard even above the whizzing of bullets, the booming of cannon or the bursting of shells. This is

but a few minutes' picture of the events of several years ago.

We now pass along a space of dry, level country for many miles. We find no water. The soldiers are suffering from thirst. The sun shines out very warm. Occasionally a well is found, but the water is soon all drawn out, and thousands are obliged to go along without a taste. We find splendid mansions, sometimes left in charge of a few slaves. These were generally searched, and if any provisions were on the premises, they were usually found, for the soldiers would not be satisfied until they had made a careful inspection of all the surroundings. Sometimes a buried ham, a pet pig, a secreted goose, or setting hen were found to appease the pangs of hunger. The situation now seemed desperate, for the relief afforded by the country fell far short of appeasing the appetites of the hordes of hungry soldiers that were passing through it.

The shells from our artillery often wrought deadly work upon the retreating army. They were sent with considerable accuracy, even at long range. The position of the batteries was often on an eminence in our rear and sent their missiles over our heads at the enemy, that frequently were in position upon the next ridge. The effect of these was often shown by the mangled forms that lay in our pathway.

One poor fellow having the top of his foot torn off, was lying near us, as we were passing, and begged piteously for water. The demand was sneered at by some of our boys and they even cursed him for

being there to fight us. We, believing it an act due to humanity, passed him our canteen. He satisfied his thirst and seemed greatly pleased. The words our boys had given him seemed to hurt him greatly. Said he was from a Georgia regiment and he was there only because he was forced into the service against his will. This was a statement we often heard from the prisoners.

Many of us were now extremely hungry, some having been two days without food. It was with difficulty that the officers' horses ate their corn without its being stolen from them. Some of the officers guarded their horses themselves while eating. When they had finished, the soldiers dug up what was tramped into the muddy ground. These few kernels of corn with the addition of coffee were the only rations of many of the soldiers for several days. Whenever we had an opportunity to get an extra good meal afterwards, the comparison was always jovially drawn between that and the ones we used to dig for, in front of the horses and mules.

Skirmishing.

We were now in a thick forest of pine trees. A lively skirmish had already commenced and as we advanced bullets were continually buzzing around us. Part of our regiment took a position near the brow of a hill overlooking a ravine, on the other side of which, the enemy were posted. The other portion went to the left to engage the attention of the enemy.

In a short time a squad of Johnnies made their appearance from the ravine and did not notice us

until we surprised them, when they dropped their guns and swung their hats and were made prisoners. From them we learned something of the strength and position of their army. They treated some of us with their kind of hardtack made from corn meal. All we conversed with seemed very tired and sick of the war. Our regiment captured about forty prisoners while we were here.

We were in a position where we were liable to have a larger force to contend with at any moment, and likely, would remain during the night, so we formed a barricade of the fallen trees. During this time the bullets were flying thick around us, though only a few were wounded. The major reproved the boys for dodging their heads when a bullet came close, saying, it was too late to dodge it, if we could hear it. Just then he gave a wonderful dodge, a bullet having passed through his hat. When reproved for it, he thought when they came that close, they might dodge.

An incident happened here which we will narrate. it being one among the many to illustrate fate. Just after we had completed our log barricade, one of our comrades was standing in front of a tree looking toward the enemy. We invited him to sit down, remarking that some of those stray bullets might hit him. He immediately complied. In an instant a bullet buried itself in the tree, in the right place to have struck him. He frequently spoke of it, afterward, acknowledging that the timely suggestion saved his life.

Darkness came upon us here and those who had the privilege, were soon quietly sleeping upon the ground among the pines, their fallen foliage giving us a nice bed—but soldiers' rests generally are of but short duration. We were routed out about eleven o'clock and received rations and a further supply of cartridges, then marched a short distance and joined a large body of troops. We could not tell where we were going, not even the direction, for the sky was cloudy and a thick mist was falling and the night was very dark. It was evident we were making a stealthy march, for only the steady tramping of the soldiers could be heard both in front and rear. In a short time we were halted and ordered to rest ourselves all we could, but not to leave the ranks. The situation was not very favorable for resting, for beneath our feet appeared nothing but mud and water. Though we could do no better than to accept the situation and soon many of the boys were quietly snoring in their new beds. It was surmised we were about to make an attack, probably on the fort. This was the largest of any in the vicinity, well armed and fortified, protected by heavy earthworks, a deep ditch and an unsurmountable fence about ten rods in front. This fence was made of sharpened sticks placed firmly in the ground and pointed outward, placed so thickly a person could not get over. These had to be removed before we could come in contact with the fort.

We were aroused while yet dark and marched a short distance, piled our knapsacks and formed in

three lines of battle near the fort. It was evident we were to make an attack. An officer who was at headquarters the night before said that was what would soon occur, for he heard the proposition made by a certain officer, that if ten regiments were furnished him he could capture Fort Rice the next morning by daylight and the proposition was agreed to. He picked our regiment with nine others and they were there upon the ground and only waiting for daylight to appear. Nearly every one seemed sober and in deep reflection, well knowing that the task before us could not be accomplished without a terrible slaughter.

“Comrades brave around us lying,
Filled with thoughts of home and God;
Well knowing that upon the morrow,
Some may lie beneath the sod.”

Streaks of daylight began to appear and everything was in readiness for the fatal charge, when we noticed a single horseman coming at full speed. It was General Humphrey our Corps Commander.

Capturing the Fort and Petersburg.

After saluting, he said to the officer in command, “What are you going to do here?” “We are going to capture that fort, General,” was the reply. “No, you are not, sir,” was the reply, “I will not have my men used up in that way. Order the troops back. I will take the fort, myself, tomorrow.” The soldiers received the sweetest “About face,” they had heard for many a day. In this one act the General gained the confidence and esteem of large portion of the

army, and nearly every soldier, who was a participant in the proposed charge, looked upon him as their preserver. For months afterwards, whenever he rode along our lines, he was heartily cheered, and the soldiers would say, "There goes the fellow that saved our bacon!"

We lay behind these works the greater portion of the day, the weather being rainy most of the time. As the shades of night came on, under cover of the darkness, the soldiers commenced gathering material far in the rear and carried it up to within easy range of the fort, where a line of breastworks was thrown up.

The sharpshooters also secreted themselves in every available spot overlooking the guns of the fort. The artillery were placed in position to work destruction to the inmates of the fort. The whole army were at work the greater portion of the night. As soon as daylight appeared sufficient to sight the guns, there commenced a terrific cannonade. The guns at the fort also commenced, but they could not load their cannon after the first shot for, wherever a head was shown, it was soon pierced with bullets. Shell, grape and canister were working destruction to the inmates of the fort. Soon a fierce charge was made on the opposite side and an immediate surrender was effected. At six o'clock in the morning the fort was captured with several thousand prisoners. They told us they never knew bullets to come any thicker than they did there. For the purpose of drawing our fire one of them said he

placed his cap on the top of the ramrod to his gun and raised it above the works for an instant. When he withdrew it, it contained nine bullet holes. Some of the prisoners were swearing mad, especially one, who was jumping around making things appear lively, a minie ball having pierced through the palm of his hand. Our loss was slight. That of the enemy much greater.

It was now evident that the Confederate army was on the retreat toward Petersburg. Their line had been broken in several places and many prisoners taken. We followed the retreating army that would come to a stand frequently in order to retard our progress, taking advantage of the fortifications that were in their pathway. Often long lines of troops were sheltered behind these works that gave them great advantage over their pursuers. We were obliged often in these cases to make hasty marches to out-flank them. Generally, the enemy suddenly retreated, or were surrounded and taken prisoners.

Several smaller forts lay on our route toward Petersburg. Some of them were easily captured, being mostly evacuated on the approach of our troops. In one small fort manned by 250 men, a determined resistance was made and it required three desperate charges, with heavy losses, before they surrendered. Around this fort the ground was thickly strewn with our fallen comrades. It was estimated that 600 were killed in its capture.

The enemy now beat a hasty retreat behind the strong fortifications of Petersburg which was now besieged by the Union troops, by forming heavy lines of works in its front and a continual pouring of shot and shell upon that fortified city. It was doomed to succumb by the treatment it was now receiving, but not without fearful loss to its captors, for many of our troops stood at long range without any protection whatever, and were constantly falling from the deadly missiles of the enemy. The hospital was at a large mansion several miles from the city and the large ambulance train was kept busy taking the wounded thither during the several days of the siege. The final charge, though met with obstinate resistance and heavy losses to the Union troops, resulted in the capture of the city, after the greater portion of the Confederate army had beaten a hasty retreat within the works at Richmond. Our regiment bivouacked for the night a few miles from Petersburg. The writer slept soundly in the midst of a thick patch of hazel brush.

The next morning we turned our faces toward the besieged Capital city.

CHAPTER XVI.

Capture of Richmond.

We had not proceeded far when we halted and received the joyful news that Richmond had fallen and the Confederate army were retreating toward Lynchburg, and it was for the interest of every soldier to capture the fleeing troops before they gained possession of their fortifications at that point. The Union troops were now in their best spirits and were eager to meet the enemy on equal footing.

Soon a black cloud of troops made their appearance. It was the 24th Corps of colored troops. These were the first troops that entered Richmond and were a lusty, jolly and happy crowd of darkies, causing considerable merriment among their white comrades by their comical remarks and grotesque appearance. While passing our regiment, one of our company sang "Babylon's 'Fallen," that brought out the broad smile and comical gestures and made their eyes roll with joy.

Nearly two hours in passing were consumed by the troops that were engaged in the fall of Richmond, before it became our turn to join them. It was after ten when we started and reached our camping ground at a late hour, having traveled thirty miles. The soldiers having a hard march and fuel being scarce, they paid no attention to supper,

but as soon as they arrived, rolled in their blankets and were soon fast asleep. We were aroused at 3 o'clock the next morning, though we did not start till after daylight. The enemy were now in our front and the constant order was, "Hurry up, boys, hurry up!"

We had received rations some five or six days before, but many of the boys were at this time living on very short rations. Fresh beef and coffee were the only rations Uncle Sam was now supplying us with, and these were destined soon to be scarce. The large drove of cattle that started with us, was fast disappearing; each evening, as soon as we reached our night's camping place, a small herd was driven in near the center of our troops, then shot and dressed by the butchers, after which it was dealt out to the various regiments. It was a difficult task to make the cattle keep near enough to us so we could use them for rations and only the best travelers could do so by traveling early and late. When they arrived for slaughter, they resembled race horses about as much as they did beef cattle. It seemed out of the question for the supply train to get us provisions. After a few more days of rapid travel the beef ration failed, when we had to rely on our own resources. The Confederate army being out of rations, were obliged to subsist on the country products they could procure in their hasty retreat and they would sometimes leave a little in the shape of edibles though their 60,000 men generally took everything.

It was nearly night when we were passing the premises upon which stood a respectable dwelling, though the only person that we saw about was an old negro, who stood near the stable pleasantly gazing at our coming troops. They seemed to astonish him somewhat, for he exclaimed, "Lor', hebens! Wher' all you sogers come from? Seem zo you cum rite out ob de groun'." Some one says: "Sambo, you are free now." "Yes, Massa, bress de lawd! I'se a free niggah!" When asked if he had seen any Johnnies, he replied, "Yes, Massa; plenty Johnnies right ober de hill yonda." Just then a nice calf came bounding from the back side of the stable, which our boys captured and dressed and in a few minutes it was on their bayonets moving toward their camping ground for the night.

Our regiment was placed on picket guard during the night. In establishing the guard line posts, usually consisting of five men in charge of a sergeant or corporal, they are numbered and are placed from ten to fifteen rods apart, forming a continuous line around the encampment, usually at a distance of one quarter to one-half mile from the main army. From each of these posts a single sentinel is placed from five to ten rods on the outside toward the enemy. This position he holds from one to two hours when he is relieved by another member of the post. Our instructions were to challenge no one, but shoot at the first one appearing. On a dark or stormy night this is a very lonely position.

It was evident that the Confederate army were continually becoming more demoralized as a larger number of prisoners were taken daily and many of their soldiers were becoming disheartened. Desertions were more frequent and the prisoners were nearly unanimous in expressing their opinion that they were sick of war, while the Union army, though fatigued, hungry and footsore, believing they were about to accomplish the object for which they had suffered so many privations, were in the best of spirits and rushed forward with all the energy in their power—capturing a larger portion of the enemy's train than ever before, as they were crossing a little, miry stream that was not fordable, there being but one little bridge for them to cross on. The cavalry supported by the infantry cut off their retreat though a sharp encounter occurred with the rear guard before they left the train. In this capture there were 225 wagons. Many of these still had the teams attached to them, while many of the drivers rode away and left their wagons. Our loss in this capture was said to be about sixty. There were a large number of ambulances; also wagons stored from the commissary department including drugs enough to stock a drug store, captured here also many citizen's wagons that were with the army train.

Some of the soldiers looked eagerly into the different wagons to see if they could find something to eat. In one wagon the writer found several sacks of meal. Fearing it might be "doctored" with some

of the medicine of an adjoining wagon, the sack was slit near the bottom and our haversack filled. It was nice and white, though unsifted.

A portion of the Confederate army were now getting their breakfast on the brushy ridge beyond the stream, while their train was crossing. A few shells thrown among them and a lively gait of our forces, caused them to stampede suddenly. In many cases they left their frying pans on the fires that were burning briskly. Taking advantage of the opportunity, we hastily mixed some of the meal in our tin cup and poured the contents into one of these hot frying pans. In a short time we had a nicely cooked cake. It had now been three days since we had tasted any food, except the few kernels of corn before referred to. We had previous to this sampled a great many of what were called excellent cakes, but we thought this one far ahead of any we had ever before tasted.

We now rapidly followed the retreating army, capturing many prisoners and more of their train. The scenes we encountered were similar to those of several days previous, only more captures were made. When we stopped for the night, we found that many of our comrades had not been so fortunate in getting something to eat, and our wish was that we had a larger supply of meal to share with them. Though we had taken enough to last us a week, it was all gone before the next night. There was generally a spirit of generosity among the soldiers. If one happened to meet a streak of

good fortune, his comrades were ever ready to assist him, especially if it was about something good to eat.

The next morning General Grant rode along the line in our rear, accompanied by his staff, he having established his headquarters a short distance back of us.

Gen. Grant's Questions Answered.

The headquarters where Gen. Grant and his staff went into quarters for the night when the army was on the march was always supposed to be the most protected place that could be found. This was considered essential, for the best interests of the army was to protect its officers. Sometimes, and probably the most usually selected position was a safe distance in the rear. If on the field with the main army they were in close proximity with the troops or a heavy guard formed around them.

After Petersburg and Richmond had surrendered and the Confederate army were in full retreat, the officers connected with Gen. Grant's staff were feeling quite hilarious after we had followed the enemy a few days. It seemed for a certainty that their army would soon be captured, and I believe Gen. Grant thought so himself.

I having an injured foot was given a permit to leave the regiment and travel as I pleased. One day I was overtaken by Gen. Grant and his staff. I noticed they were feeling pretty good and I think the general thought he would have a little fun,

When he came opposite to me he took his cigar from his mouth and looking peeringly at me, said: "What army do you belong to?" The reply came very quickly: "The Union Army, sir." I believe the reply was not just as he had expected, for nearly all of the members of his staff laughed. He asked: "What regiment?" I said, "First Minnesota." "Why are you not with it?" I said, "Because I had the privilege to go otherwise." "Who gave you the privilege?" "The surgeon of my regiment." "Have you the papers for it?" I told him I had and handed him my permit that he afterward returned to be by his orderly. This was the first and only time that I conversed with a general while in the army. He went on his way knowing a little more than when we met.

The Army Telegraph.

We frequently would notice the old telegraph mule following us up, laying the wire on the ground behind him as he passed along. We think this wire was encased in some substance as it resembled a cord being wound upon a reel and placed in the saddle. Messages from the extreme front were rapidly despatched and communication kept up with headquarters through the aid of the telegraph.

Our army were now getting very much fatigued and many could not stand the treatment they were receiving. The rapid marching, the fording of streams and sleeping upon the ground in their wet clothing was acting very unfavorably on the health

of our boys. They were continually falling by the wayside, and the large train of ambulances was constantly filled with the sick soldiers.

Along our pathway could be seen the dead bodies of horses and mules that had succumbed from the effect of shot, shell, disease and fatigue, sometimes lying so thick that the train could not pass without running over them. Disease or fatigue would frequently cause them to lie down. If they did not get up and travel with the rest of the team, they were immediately shot and other animals took their places. The feed for the animals was equally as scarce as that of the men; in fact, many of the animals were nearly starved. This accounted for the heavy losses among the horses and mules.

Often we came to the little villages containing a few dwellings, store and warehouse. One fact was noticeable, that the school houses that we so frequently pass in the northern states, were few here and far between. The illiteracy of the people was apparent, as shown in their common conversation. Often their explanation of history and geography caused laughable incidents among our boys who had received the advantages of the common school.

Doubtless the institution of slavery that had been allowed to exist had brought about a certain degree of dormancy that ever seemed prevalent among them. It showed itself in the progress they had made in the agricultural pursuits, the tools that were used being similar to those of our forefather's of a half century previous. The old wooden mould-

board plow, strapped with iron, was still found as their plow, the hand sickle instead of the improved reaper, the flail instead of the threshing machine, the old fashioned, heavy, iron hoe instead of the light, steel hoe. These plainly showed that progression was in the background and the boys in blue were destined to bring about a revolution.

One of these villages we found nearly deserted. The store was left to itself and the boys had to wait upon themselves. The stock was greatly reduced, still considerable remained. Jewelry, writing paper and a few light articles were all the boys cared to partake of. The former was a cheap grade and the latter of a poor quality. Still, the paper caused a thrill of joy to exist in the heart of many a northern home. When, a short time after, the news of the surrender of the Confederate army and the safety of those they loved, was hurriedly penned to fathers, mothers, wives, brothers, sisters and sweethearts, that they would soon greet them with their presence it was written to them on this paper.

In one of the large stores was found a big lot of tobacco. It was evident that some of the boys knew what it was to be "out" and improved the opportunity to lay in a supply. Some we think carried this to an extreme, for one, a Scandinavian, after filling his pockets, packed what he could of the "plug" in his knapsack, then tied up a large bundle of the leaf. This he fastened to the top of his knapsack. His small stature and his high pack with at least a year's supply of tobacco looming

high above his head, presented a ludicrous appearance, causing much merriment among the boys, who got all the fun out of it they could in several miles' travel, when, by order of an officer, he was forced to throw nearly all of it away.

Frequently large numbers of prisoners were captured; also portions of their train fell into our hands. In this train might be found several mover's wagons containing families and their furniture. They had been taught to believe that the Yankees were terrible creatures and would annihilate them on their first appearance. Thus they left their homes and lands and went with their army. Some expressed surprise upon seeing us that we so much resembled human beings. They had been taught to believe as one old woman expressed it: "We uns tho't you uns had horns!"

In one of these captures, several mules were taken. It seemed they were very tired and nearly starved to death. The writer conceived the idea that it would be a grand thing to ride one of these mules, as he was suffering from an injured foot and traveling was painful. They were turned out grazing. With some difficulty one was caught, but there was no bridle or halter. What could be done? "Necessity is the mother of invention." Two withes were found and a string fastened across the ends served for a bit, while the withes served for reins. After forming a saddle from the blanket and tent cloth, the wonderful charger was mounted. We were then one of the mounted infantry and went on

our way rejoicing. This, doubtless, was the sorriest looking mule in the southern confederacy. He had spent nearly all his substance, beauty, strength and energy in trying to destroy the Union. Now his efforts were turned in a different direction and we believe if his strength had been equal to his ambition the war might have closed sooner than it did.

These tiresome marches often taxed the strength and endurance of our boys. The soldier fully equipped with knapsack containing change of clothing, blankets, tent, material for washing, writing, etc.; with haversack containing rations, knife, fork, spoon, cup and cooking utensils; add to these the accoutrements with heavy rifle and 40 rounds of ammunition and the burden is about 45 pounds. This seems much heavier when traveling over a rough country, making hasty marches, and the soldier often lightened his knapsack to his discomfort at night.

Comrade J was small and very eccentric. The burden was too heavy for him, so he threw his well filled knapsack in the ditch. That night after all fires were ordered out he curled up beside the glowing embers that were now fast turning to ashes. The night being cold, he warmed one side thoroughly, then turning over, was soon sleeping soundly. About midnight he was awakened by a treacherous foe that had attacked him in the rear. Through prompt aid he was saved with only the loss of the skirts to his blouse and the back part of his pants. Being very tired his sleeping form was

soon seen encircled around the warm ashes of the camp fire. During his sleep his cap fell an easy prey to the same element. The next morning he reported in "light marching order," creating fun for the boys.

In an unexpected moment a loving comrade is stricken down from the unerring aim of a deadly missile. With feelings of sadness we lay him away to his rest beneath the branches of the spreading oak. No friendly tear marks the solemnity of the occasion, however friendless or sad it may be. No casket enshrouds those precious remains, except those accompanied in martial array. We sorrowfully leave that lonely mound and often we wonder what loving hand will condescend to strew flowers upon that grave. We can but believe that the invisible hand of Him that notes the "sparrow's fall," will not fail to send up the tiny plant upon that grave, being nourished and watered by the dews of heaven, increasing in size and strength, and on each Decoration Day sending forth its beautiful blossoms, that open their petals, sending forth their rich fragrance mixed with the balmy breezes permeating the atmosphere all around, and nodding their heads in joyous triumph o'er the grave of our fallen hero.

CHAPTER XVII.

Surrender at Appomattox.

The next day the booming of the cannon and the clatter of the musketry that were dealing death and destruction to many of the soldiers, as we had witnessed each day since we had been in this campaign, suddenly stopped. It was evident that something unusual had happened. There was a suspension of hostilities while arrangements were being made upon the conditions of a surrender. Sheridan with his horde of cavalry was on hand and had flung themselves across the pathway of the fleeing army. There now seemed no alternative but surrender or annihilation for the fatigued, dwindled and discouraged Confederate army, as they were surrounded by a multitude of determined Union troops, that were imbued with the spirit of our forefathers that seemed to say, "We'll conquer, or die."

Soon after the close of this conference, the joyful tidings came along the lines that Gen. Lee and the Confederate army had surrendered. At first it was not believed by many of the boys, while others cheered lustily. It soon became evident that such was the case and the grand jollification commenced. Caps, blouses, haversacks flew high in the air. Cheer after cheer rent the air with their many thousand voices, making the old hills and forests of Appomattox resound as they never did before.

Just then the artillery, every piece that was able to speak, belched forth its notes of joy, making the hills and forests tremble. There probably never was so much rejoicing among soldiers as happened there. They seemed to have forgotten that they were ever tired or footsore, but more like they did not have room to contain themselves, or were trying to fly.

"We'll soon be home, says one;" then cheer after cheer would rend the air.

"I believe we will get home soon," says another; then it would be cheer again.

Another little fellow says, "Yes, we will," as he jumped high in the air, "and I'll have a chance to see my—," as the last word was drowned in noise, we will have to guess what it was.

Similar rejoicings were kept up about two hours, during which time the soldiers nearly shouted and howled themselves hoarse. When they cheered, it was not confined to one or two regiments, but extended along the whole line. Everybody seemed in earnest and these rejoicing tones made the woods and valleys ring.

During this time General Grant and General Lee rode along our front, side by side, amid the deafening shouts of the boys in blue.

Soon the bands, we think every one in the army of the Potomac, assembled and commenced discoursing some of the sweetest martial music we had ever heard, playing in concert such pieces as "Star Spangled Banner," "America," "Dixie," "Sweet

Home," "Who Will Care for Mother Now?" etc., the chorus of the latter being joined by thousands of soldiers' voices, making the hills of Appomattox echo with their melodious strains.

Soon the order came for the 1st Minnesota to go on guard. We formed our picket line for the last time between the blue and the gray, who were just over the ridge about one-half mile, having stacked arms and were quietly lying on the ground. Before dark a number of Johnnies came over. They begged for hardtack; said they were nearly starved. They generally expressed themselves as pleased that the fighting was over and they could go home. They seemed well supplied with their money, so a spirit of speculation sprang up among the boys, many of them starting a system of brokerage. When their stock came down to 98 per cent discount, many of our boys invested their fractional currency at par for their scrip at the discount.

Before dark the Johnnies that were visiting among our boys and did not depart for their homes, were sent to their camp. Our orders that night were as strict as usual to challenge no one, but shoot at any one approaching our lines. The next morning, though rainy, the "money changers" were on hand and quite a number of trades were made between the blue and the gray. Rations were issued to the troops of both armies, which made our rations scanty. Our army rested during the day, while the larger portion of the confederate troops started for their homes.

We now come to the closing scenes in our career as a soldier. Upon the sunny faces of our comrades, we can but notice, that, at times, over the sunbeams there seems a cloud. When we collect our scattered forces the ranks are not filled. Why is this? Where are the 1,000 strong that were at Bull Run? Where are the 700 since added to the muster roll as regiment and battalion that have followed the old battle flag? Let us unfurl that banner of liberty to the breeze of Appomattox. In a language of silence it speaks to us through its tattered and torn appearance, through the large rupture where the shell coursed its way onward; through the bullet holes that have completely riddled it; through the blood stains of its slain heroes it now carries. It compares favorably with the decimated ranks now with us, which at the present time number less than 200 men. Where are the others? Many are lying scattered along, upon or beneath some of the many battlefields following that flag to where we now see it at the final surrender of the confederate army at Appomattox, April 9th, 1865.

To the old comrades who may glance over these sketches, we would say: "Let us be manly, consistent and obedient to the laws of self government; let us show fidelity and friendship to all, especially our comrades. We may often have wondered as we stood elbow to elbow in the great conflict, that "the one was taken and the other left." As thousands are answering to the last roll call each week,

it will soon be our turn to "fall in." Let us so live that we can "form in line" and "parade" in the bright beyond.

In writing these few sketches, it has been our aim to interest the young. If we have so succeeded, it has fulfilled our desire. We fondly hope it may never fall to their lot to be participants in the scenes of cruel warfare. It is our earnest wish that you may ever be patriotic, truthful, temperate, kind and obedient, and that the flowers of prosperity and happiness may ever bloom along your pathway.

A Yankee Trick.

It was near our camp that our pickets were ever getting into trouble with the pickets of the enemy. On one of the outer posts nearly every night some of our pickets were killed. It was ascertained this was done by a sharpshooter who had secreted himself by burrowing himself where he had a conspicuous view of our picket post. After several men had been killed there it begun to look like a serious undertaking and very risky to occupy that position.

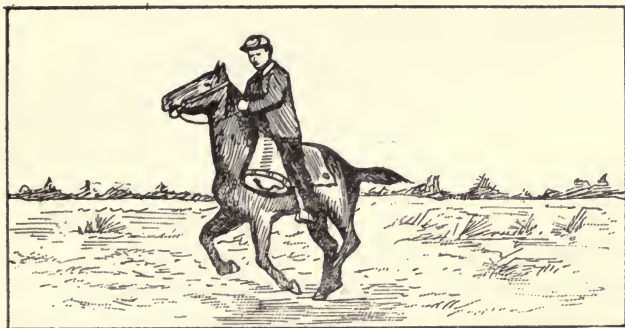
After several unsuccessful attempts to dislodge him the matter was taken up by a comrade who proposed to show him a Yankee trick. Having procured a musket and fastened it securely between two small trees under cover of darkness after attaching a stout cord to the trigger of the gun that was placed a short distance in front of the enemy's rifle pit, he took up a position at a point where he

could obtain a good view and here waited for the dawn of day. When it was sufficiently light to see how to shoot, he gave the cord a pull and the loud report of a gun was heard in front. Mr. Sharpshooter stuck up his head to see who was shooting, when it was suddenly pierced through with a bullet from the gun of the avenging Yankee. The scheme worked just as he had expected it would and resulted in the abandonment of the enemy's rifle pit at this point, it being considered unsafe to be any longer supplied as an outpost to protect their army.

Getting the Mail.

There were but few things in the army life of the soldiers that he seemed to be more interested than in the receiving of a letter from home. How eagerly he watched the old mule as he put in his long strides with the mail bag on his back as he was approaching where we were in camp. The mailbag was delivered to the surgeon of the regiment who assorted the letters and assigned them to the different companies of the regiment. Here the orderly sergeant of the respective companies took them to their company for distribution. He usually stood upon a box or stump and called the name of the person it was for. How eagerly they sprang forward to receive it, for it was sometimes many weeks or months even since they had heard anything from home and it was a feast of good things to get letters from loved ones at home.

The letters that were received were generally long ones and filled with love and sympathy for the boys in blue. Those who received a letter left the sergeant's quarters in a happy frame of mind, while those who did not get any were generally much disappointed. It was an interesting sight to see the soldiers reading their letters. Some would be standing, others crouched upon the ground or sitting on a log or stump, anxiously taking in the contents. On the faces of some the expression of



ARMY MAIL CARRIER.

joy and happiness was printed there, others the tears would roll down their cheeks for the writer had touched the tender chords of love and sympathy that still existed in the hearts of their far away friends.

After the letters had been read the news was received from the different localities of the soldiers' homes. Thus he was made acquainted with the happenings in the vicinity where remained his

greatest interests. The soldiers would discuss with a marked degree of interest the various topics from their respective localities that they had received through the mail.

As newspapers were prohibited being sent through the mails at the front, we had no other means of hearing from the outside world.

Slaves Bought and Sold.

Advertising is the most reliable means of making the business in which we are engaged known to those around us. The American people are great for advertising. The most successful merchants are the ones that are profited by this means.

The people of the Southern cities were not backward in this respect when slavery was having full sway in the South, and the colored people were held as slaves. Slavery was introduced in the early settlement of the colonies by a Dutch vessel that brought twenty slaves that were sold to the colonists in the year 1619. From that time slavery existed until blotted out by the Civil War.

Thus the sign was conspicuously displayed in the marts of trade, "Slaves Bought and Sold." The building upon which this sign was placed very much resembled a barn, with door fronting the street. A large block standing on end in front near the edge of the street, supposed to be the salesman's block, furnished the outlines of the front of the building. A small yard that surrounded the building on the two sides and one end was enclosed with

a high plank fence. This is an exterior description of the business house of the slave merchant as we viewed it at the time the boys in blue were viewing the sights and gaining their experience when making their initial visit to some of the slave states of the South.

It certainly must have been a season of sorrow and sadness when fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, parents and children were auctioned off to the highest bidder and separated perhaps forever. Such scenes were enacted in accordance with law as it was then interpreted. But the whole system was changed when that wonderful emancipation proclamation was issued by Abraham Lincoln, the lamented President, and was sanctioned and put in execution through the aid of the Union soldiers. African slavery with all of its wrong and evil doing was ended and the colored slaves obtained their freedom; and the North and the South were destined to again be as one, and become a united and prosperous people.

On the March.

On the second day after the final surrender we started on the way toward Washington. The roads were wet and muddy and the rain was still coming slowly down with the weather disagreeably cold and uncomfortable.

After going into camp for the night a wonderfully heavy rain came upon us, drenching a large portion of the soldiers so they felt very uncomfortable. The mules haltered at the baggage wagons at night

were continually moving in order to exercise to keep warm. Their continual moving caused them to sink into the mud until some of them were unable to stand or get out of their muddy bed, so they were shot to end their misery.

We went into camp at Farmville, where we remained a short time. During our stay here we were kept busy fitting up our camp, digging up and setting out trees in rows through our camping ground, trying to make it present the appearance of a young city. The colonel said this was to give us exercise, so we would not get homesick. That was a complaint very common among the soldiers and several died among us from this cause, our surgeon saying he could find no other cause for their sickness.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Assassination of Lincoln.

The regiment, in a short time, made another move to Burkville and once more commenced ornamenting our camp grounds. At sunrise each morning we were summoned to "fall in" for police duty. After answering to roll call, we being provided with brush brooms, swept over our whole camp ground. This was a duty we performed each day while in camp and resulted in a neat and clean camping ground that was essential to the health of the soldiers while in camp.

It was on the morning of the fifteenth of April that we received the sad news of the assassination of the President, he having been shot the evening previous by John Wilkes Booth, at Ford's Theatre, and died about seven o'clock the following morning. It cast a deep shadow over the minds of the people of the whole North and especially of the members of our regiment. For they held in deep reverence, respect and esteem, the man who had been so influential in the preservation of justice to the people, that the whole nation might become a united and liberty-loving people.

The following day services were held and a large assembly of the "boys in blue" listened to an eloquent address that was listened to with much interest as he pictured to his hearers in glowing words,

the life and character of the highly-esteemed and lamented Lincoln. The Union Army had been crowned with success, and the nation could once more unite as a free and independent people. Instead of being elated at this time of general rejoicing, the whole North was enshrouded in the deepest gloom when they learned the sad fate of their martyred President. When the news came it saddened the minds of the soldier boys, for they held a warm place in their hearts for the great, noble-hearted man who had done so much for the welfare of the people, and left so much undone that seemed to be especially assigned for him to do.

Grand Review at Washington.

After the Confederate forces had all surrendered there was a centralization of the different Federal armies at Washington. It was a grand sight to see the troops from the different sections of the army gathered together and march in solid column through the different streets of Washington in a grand review. Here were the old veterans from the Army of the Potomac, of the Western army, Sherman's army that had made that wonderful march to the sea, Sheridan's cavalry that had been so conspicuous in bringing about a halt in the Confederate retreat. They were here and formed the grand army that had brought about the results that were so essential to the welfare of the nation. Although they were in different localities and acted under different leaders they were in unison in bring-

ing about the same grand and noble results. After the terrible sieges through which they had passed they had met and helped swell the remainder of the grand army and look upon each other that they might carry with them to their homes a picture of the past.

After the grand review our regiment remained in camp near Washington for quite a while. We still went through the exercises of the regular drill just the same as we did previous to the final surrender of the Confederate forces. The soldiers generally, now that the fighting was over, were more anxious to go to their homes than anything else. They had accomplished the task that was set before them and now their interest was in the direction of their homes, attending to their own farms and brightening their own firesides. Bancroft Library

The task of mustering out such a large number of men was not a small one. It required time to disband such a large army properly, giving them an honorable discharge. Though many of the soldiers were more or less anxious to start toward home, their only hope was to have patience and wait until their turn came.

Some were so anxious and they actually got so homesick that they were taken to the hospital and died there. Such was the fate of many a poor fellow who had an affliction of this terrible malady, that was so prevalent among the soldiers.

Start for Louisville.

Great anxiety existed among the soldiers to be on the move toward home. They were much pleased when the news came that we were to start for Louisville, for what purpose we did not know. We afterward learned that we were scheduled to join the fleet that was then going South. Taking the train at Washington on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, going by way of Harper's Ferry and climbing the Allegheny Mountains to such a height we could look down upon the clouds.

After arriving at Parkersburg we were transferred to steamers and sailed down the Ohio River. We made a short stay at Cincinnati and then proceeded to Louisville, when we found we were too late to join the fleet going South. This was good news for the soldiers, for they had no desire to go, or any anxiety to see more of the South. We went into camp a few miles above Louisville near the bank of the Ohio River. It was a very pleasant location.

We remained here several weeks before we got orders to go North to be mustered out of the service of Uncle Sam. It was a very pleasant view by the side of the river to see the boats, steamers and rafts sailing by. One of these large steamers carried a large steam organ that used to play us a tune whenever it passed, that was gladly received and heartily welcomed by the soldiers.

While here the regiment was discharged from the service, although it was some two weeks before

we got mustered out and went to our homes. While waiting here the drill practice was still kept up, although it had become monotonous.

Homeward Bound.

Soon the glad news came that we were to go to St. Paul to be mustered out. It was a day of gladness to the soldiers when they received the order to march to the station and board the train that was to take them on that long-wished-for journey toward home. We had a very pleasant journey, passing through the states of Indiana, Illinois, and made a stop at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where we were gladly welcomed by the citizens of that fine city. In the large hall the tables were all spread laden with the good things that had been prepared for the returned soldiers, the ladies having shown their skill in preparing a grand reception that was so thankfully received by the comrades. This was the first table they had been privileged to sit down to for many months, so it was to them a great treat and was truly appreciated by the hungry guests.

The beautiful Milwaukee girls were truly captivating to the young soldiers and their attentions seemed to be mutually agreeable to each other, they having spent an hour or more in each other's company and having a nice social visit and really enjoying themselves. The Colonel, coming around and noticing how things were turning said, "I have got to get my regiment right out of here or I will lose half of my men."

Arriving at St. Paul.

After we left Milwaukee we were soon transferred to steamers and made rapid progress up the "Father of Waters," passing several fine towns along its banks. Taking the steamers at Prairie du Chien and passing La Crosse and Winona, fine towns, located on the river banks, the people greeted us with wild expressions of joy upon our approach to them, seeming to be much elated that the regiment was home again.

Along the river beautiful and romantic scenery presents itself from either side. An uneven shore interspersed with rugged hills and rocks, some of the latter towering upward like lofty spires. Near Winona is a grand display of these, starting upward near the edge of the Mississippi. To one of these is given the name of "Maiden Rock," for with it is connected a tale of love among the rude aborigines of this country, this being at that time considered among their best and richest hunting grounds.

A young brave from a near tribe wished to win the hand of his dusky mate. His successful wooing of the beautiful maiden ripened into a mutual affection and declared that henceforth they would live for each other. Just then a wonderful disposition of defiance was exhibited by the "old folks," declaring that such a thing should never happen. But the mantle of affection that had cemented two loving hearts had been so closely woven that parting seemed more terrible than death itself, and life an empty void. Accordingly, she climbed up the steep

ascent of the tallest rock, scaling the crags and crevices until she reached the highest peak, and from those dizzy heights she gave the fearful leap down the terrible abyss, landing on the rocks hundreds of feet below and blotting out the young life of the beautiful girl.

A beautiful landscape presents itself as we proceed up the river. In looking forward we notice a short distance ahead of us a point of land extending into the river, but the river for many miles takes a gradual curve and the boat does not seem to get around the point. For this reason it is called "Point No Point." Passing through lake Pippin, which is only a widening of the Mississippi, and stopping at several of the nice little towns along the river where we were hailed with a hearty welcome, we soon arrived at St. Paul, where many thousands of people had assembled to meet the long absent soldiers who were privileged once more to meet with loving friends and again enjoy the endearing surroundings of home.

We were greeted with a grand reception as friend after friend met after so long an absence and expressed their gratitude that their loved ones had returned. There was a general rejoicing and a season we can never forget. Here were fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, that met here to greet their friends, but all were not happy, for there were some here who did not meet their soldier friend, for he went away and did not return. Their eyes were

filled with tears and their hearts with sorrow and disappointment.

The return of the regiment was a season of rejoicing although the hearts of many were filled with grief because the loved soldier had not returned. After listening to a fine address at the State House by the Governor, we were invited to partake of a bountiful dinner that was presided over by the ladies who so kindly welcomed us to our home state.

We then went to a camping ground near the city. After a few days in camp we were mustered out and went to our various homes where anxious friends were awaiting to receive us, and we were again in the loving embrace of family, friends and home.

Conclusion: Is there a God, Heaven or Eternity?

These are questions that often come to the minds of the different persons who meet as we travel along life's pathway. There are persons who say there is no God. When we look at the beauties of nature with all its wonderful attractions on the earth and in the heavens we cannot see how they can substantiate such a belief, or resist the charms that ever surround them in their daily walks along the pathway of life.

We note the starry heavens and the wonderful rotation of its numerous planets, the sunshine, the gentle raindrop, the balmy breeze, the fierce storm, the rustling leaf, the joyous songsters pouring forth their notes of joy, the beautiful flowers that line

our pathway. Is there reason for doubting that there is a Supreme Ruler who governs all things?

"In the thunder, in the rain,
In the grove, the woods, the plain,
In the little birds that sing,
God is seen in every thing."

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, the beasts of the field, fowls of the air and fishes of the sea.

"Then was created man formed after His own image from the dust of the earth, and breathing into his nostrils the breath of life he became a living soul and gave him dominion over all the creatures He had made."

On account of his superior intelligence and having a living soul the immortal part of mankind never dies but liveth forever. Now the persons who truly believe that they have no living soul, do they not place themselves in the same category with the beasts of the field, while they are held responsible for their superiority over the animal kingdom? Are men satisfied to die as the beast dieth? If a man die, shall he live again? Is there a future state of existence? The greater portion of the world believes that there is. Even those nations who were uncivilized believed in a future state of existence. The aborigines of this country believed this and made preparation for their departed friends that they might enjoy the future life by burying with them their implements of the chase that they needed

in the Happy Hunting Grounds in the land of the Great Spirit.

The Bible, the Book of Books, reveals to us in unmistakable terms the past, the present and the future. Shall we spurn the teachings of this wonderful book that has carried joy, peace and happiness to so many homes? Its enemies may try to annihilate it and exclude it from the reach of mankind, but still it rushes onward, pioneering its pathway into the darkest portions of the earth, carrying with it the sunshine of God's love. It brings civilization wherever it goes. Barbarism is blotted out, and all the endearments of a joyous, happy life are strewn along its pathway.

Christianity carries the royal banner all along this life and also to that life which is to come. The happiest people in the world today are those who follow the teachings of the Savior. If we were to blot out the influence of these teachings would it not in reality bring the gloomiest shadows and obliterate the light of the world?

We will soon all be called upon to try the realities of the mysterious future. If there is a heaven to gain or a hell to shun, is it not for our interest to get into the glorious sunshine of God's love and secure a home in that haven of eternal rest where we may spend an eternity with Christ and the redeemed loved ones in heaven?

"Hope on, hope ever, to the end;
Choose Christ the Savior for your friend."

